The OPEN COURT

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

FOUNDED BY EDWARD C. HEGELER

APRIL, 1931

VOLUME XLV NUMBER 899

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EDITED BY

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and G. WATTS CUNNINGHAM

OF THE SAGE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY, CORNELL UNIVERSITY

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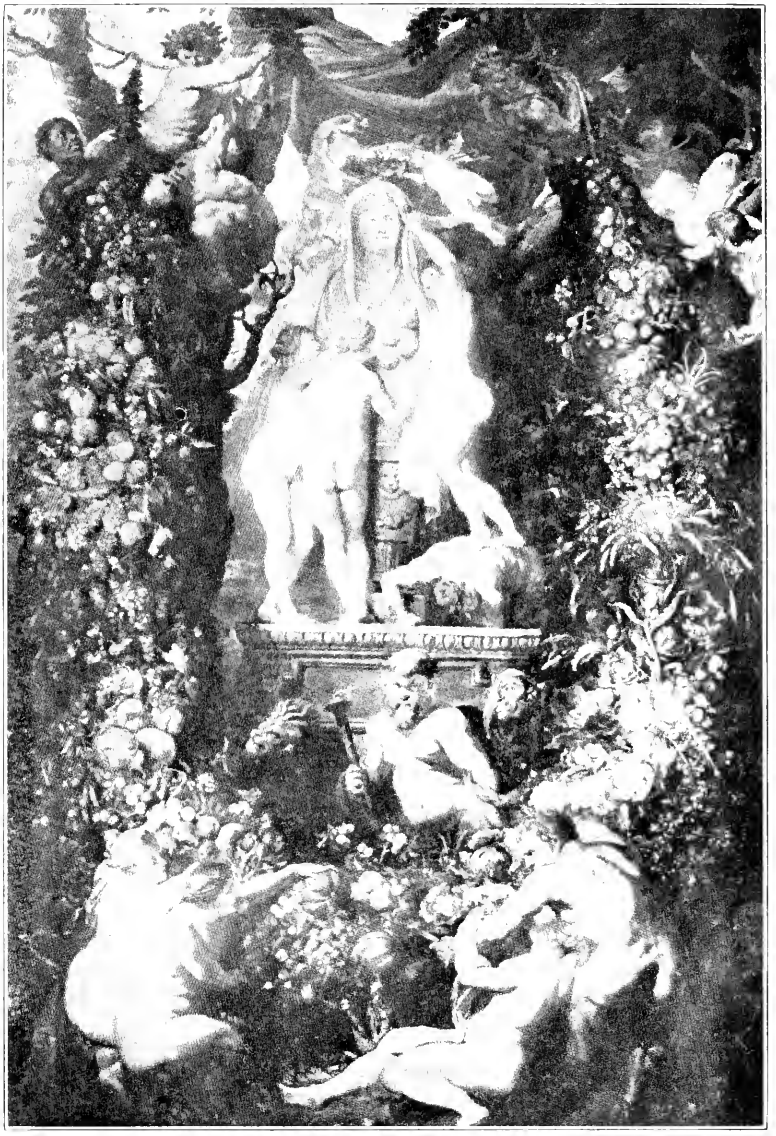

NATURE ADORNED BY THE GRACES
Peter Paul Rubens

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

Volume XLV (No. 4) APRIL, 1931 Number 899

NATURE AND SOCIAL DESTINY

BY IRA WOODS HOWERTH

"NATURE! We are surrounded and embraced by her; powerless to separate ourselves from her, and powerless to penetrate beyond her." So says Goethe. In using the word "Nature," it is difficult to avoid the appearance of personification. One of the earliest objections to the term "Natural Selection" was that it made of Nature an active power or Deity. But Darwin who coined the expression explained that he used it metaphorically, and contended that it was no more objectionable than "elective affinity" as used to express the seeming preferences of chemical elements in entering into their various combinations.

We shall here employ the word Nature merely as a blanket term to cover the world of matter and energy conceived as undetermined by human intelligence, that is, without the modifications occasioned by conscious human interference and direction. We spell it with a capital because in this discussion it is of capital importance.

So when in the course of this discussion, it is said, or implied, that Nature does thus and so, that it has produced this or that, that it is creative, that it moves toward this or that end, and the like, we mean only to assert that such and such are the results or outcome of the operation of the totality of forces men generally agree in calling natural. We have no disposition to discuss, or even to raise, the question of the origin or ultimate character of these forces. We are concerned only with their functional aspects; we do not go behind the returns. If it is asserted that back of Nature, or within it, there is an Intelligent Power guiding all its operations, we enter no denial. Indeed, if called upon we might subscribe, as to an article of faith, to the assertion that "all things were made

by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." But ultimate origins are a metaphysical question with which science has nothing directly to do, and we wish to confine ourselves strictly within the pale of science. We wish to show clearly a truth about Nature that is plainly before our eyes, and the social significance of that truth—not to befog the reader with the mist of speculation.

It is now quite generally believed by all who are entitled to an opinion on the subject, that our planetary system, the earth and all it contains, have come into existence by a gradual and orderly process commonly known as Evolution. This doctrine of Evolution, implying as it does that all the phenomena of Nature are strictly genetic, that is, pushed from behind into their present infinite variety of adjustments, is obviously fatal to the old and cruder doctrine of design or teleology, that is, that everything in Nature is perfectly adapted to the end it serves. But, as Huxley long ago said, "There is a wider Teleology, which is not touched by the doctrine of Evolution, but is actually based upon the fundamental proposition of Evolution. That proposition is, that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulosity of the universe was composed. If this be true, it is no less certain that the existing world lay, potentially, in the cosmic vapour; and that a sufficient intelligence could, from a knowledge of the properties of the molecules of that vapour, have predicted, say the state of the Fauna of Britain in 1869, with as much certainty as one can say what will happen to the vapour of the breath in a cold winter's day.[1] Thus Huxley asserted, and rightly we think, that "the teleological and mechanical views of nature are not, necessarily, mutually exclusive."

Nature, conceived as a domain of mutually interacting forces, or as a field of creative energy, has brought into existence our cosmic system, the world with all its infinite variety of sensible objects,—"all the choir of heaven and furniture of earth"—and from the beginning there has been apparently a gradual process of development from star-dust to planet; and since the appearance of life upon the earth a gradual rise from lower to higher forms. *Natura naturans* has produced *natura naturata*.

[1] Essays, Darwiniana, New York, 1898, P. 110. Later Professor Huxley said with regard to this statement, "I should now like to substitute powers for 'forces.'" See "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," by F. Darwin, vol. I, page 555.

Here, of course, an objection may be interposed. It has not yet been proved experimentally that life and mind have been produced by the unaided forces of Nature. There are those who hold to the doctrine of divine intervention at these two points. But the whole history of science has been the history of the elimination of creative or other interferences with the natural order of the phenomena of Nature.[2] The miraculous creation of the world in a period of six days, for instance, has been supplanted by the nebular hypothesis and its modifications; the cataclysmic theory of the earth's crust by the doctrine of uniformitarianism; the doctrine of special creations of animal and plant forms by the doctrine of descent with modifications, and the doctrine of divine intervention in the case of man's origin by the theory of his kinship to the lower and humbler forms of life. So it may well be held as a tenet of evolutionary science that nature is one and indivisible, and that natural causes are all that need to be taken into account for the production of natural phenomena, not only of the inorganic world, but of the biological, psychic, and social worlds, as well. At all events science admits no divine interference with the orderly procedure of Nature at any time or anywhere. "Life," said Lamarck, "is a purely physical phenomenon. All its phenomena depend on mechanical, physical, and chemical causes which are inherent in the nature of matter itself." Spencer believed that the formation of living matter took place naturally "at a time when the heat of the Earth's surface was falling through those ranges of temperature at which the higher organic compounds are unstable." "When we see," he says, "that the general laws of evolution, as they are exemplified in known organisms, have been unconsciously conformed to by chemists in the artificial evolution of organic matter; we can scarcely doubt that these laws were conformed to in the natural evolution of organic matter."[3] Naegeli declared that "the origin of the organic from the inorganic is . . . not a question of experience and experiment, but a fact deduced from the law of the constancy of matter and force. If all things in the material world are causally related, if all the phenomena proceed on natural principles, organisms, which are formed of and decay into the same matter, must have been derived originally from inorganic compounds." Said Huxley, "If it were given to me to look beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time

[2] Op. Cit., p. 58.
[3] Biology, revised ed., New York, 1898, pp. 698, 700.

to the still more remote period when the earth was passing through physical and chemical conditions which it can no more see again than a man can recall his infancy, I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from non-living matter."[4] Finally, to quote a more recently expressed opinion, "Although far from being able to give a complete scientific explanation of all the phenomena of life, we have made so much progress towards that final goal of the evolutionist that we seem fully justified in believing that the transition from the non-living to the living has indeed occurred, and even in hoping that some day the very origin of life will be explained."[5]

These excerpts are sufficient to show the faith of science with respect to the continuity of the natural process from the non-living to the living.

As to the origin of mind, the consensus of scientific opinion is fairly expressed by a recent writer who, in discussing the relationship of mind and body, says, "whatever one may conceive the ultimate relationship to be, this much is sure: *they both develop concomitantly out of the egg. Both are the products of natural processes and there is no more reason for supposing a miraculous origin in the one case than in the other.*"[6]

Accepting, then, the doctrine that Nature, unaided by creative intervention, or by man, has produced such marvelous results as we see in the inorganic, organic, psychic, and social worlds; and seeing that the creative tendency has been, on the whole, progressive, it is natural to ask, what is the aim or objective toward which the current of Nature is flowing? Upon the answer to that question depends, we think, the whole philosophy of life. For, if there is "a far off divine event" toward which the whole natural creation moves, the implication is that there is nothing that man is called upon to do, so far as its ultimate realization is concerned, but to swim or drift with the current. He may retard or accelerate the movement, he cannot determine it, or prevent its fulfillment. *"Laissez-faire, laissez-passer,"* under this view is an inviting philosophy. If, on the other hand, we conclude that nature's objective bears no relation, or only an accidental relation, to the fulfillment of human hopes, we are as naturally led to the doctrine of intel-

[4] Discourses Biological and Social, New York, 1898, p. 256.
[5] "The Evolution of Living Organisms, by E. S. Goodrich, pp. 7-8.
[6] H. H. Lane, Evolution and Christian Faith, p. 128-29. Italics his.

ligent effort as the sole hope of individual and social salvation. The one view leads to optimism or to pessimism, the other to meliorism.

What then is Nature's Aim?

The word aim as commonly employed implies purpose. It means the thing intended to be hit, the object intended to be affected, or the act of aiming or directing. To say, then, that Nature has an aim is to imply that it is conscious, for only a conscious being can have an aim. But, as we have said, Nature is not a corporate entity; it is merely the sum of natural phenomena. Now if we take any one of these phenomena, we find that absence of aim is its characteristic feature. A river does not aim to reach the sea; an earthquake does not aim to shake down buildings; a cloud does not aim to condense into rain, nor does the rain aim to fall upon the just or the unjust; a plant does not aim to bring forth seed; nor an animal to produce and rear its offspring. If no aim can be found in any single phenomenon of Nature, it is an obvious conclusion that there can be no aim in the totality of phenomena included under the term Nature.

Nature, then, has no aim. All natural phenomena are unintended.

Still, in Nature we have a domain of change, and change cannot take place except in some direction. May it not be that this direction, say a uniform and universal tendency in Nature, has been divinely predetermined with respect to man's good? Even if it has no aim, Nature may be "aimed." Here, however, we are brought face to face with a metaphysical question which science cannot undertake to answer. And so the scientist is at a disadvantage in a discussion with the teleologist. To quote Huxley once more, "the more purely a mechanist the speculator is, the more firmly does he assume a primordial molecular arrangement of which all the phenomena of the universe are the consequences, and the more completely is he thereby at the mercy of the teleologist, who can always defy him to disprove that this primordial molecular arrangement was not intended to evolve the phenomena of the universe."[7]

But turning away from the question, as beyond our reach, whether Nature is "the result of trains of mechanical dispositions fixed beforehand by intelligent appointment and kept in action by a power at the centre," let us confine ourselves to the mechanism of

[7] Darwiniana, p. 112.

Nature as it reveals itself to scientific investigation, and ask whether there is a single goal or end towards which Nature is continuously moving.

According to the generally accepted view of the universe, there must have been a time when the earth was "without form," and when, with form, it was "void": it contained nothing but inorganic matter. Later life appeared in lowly creatures, and then, through incalculable eons,—"the worm mounts through all the spires of form." Finally man appears, then society and at least the beginnings of certain social institutions. On the whole, then, and in general Nature seems to present a moving picture of progress. Apart from man's work or will, it appears to be progressive. Hence a natural law of progress has been inferred, with a perfected type of man and society as the goal of Nature. This was indeed the "scientific" conclusion drawn from the first reading of the doctrine of evolution. Spencer declared that "progress is not an accident, not a thing within human control, but a beneficent necessity." Tennyson, "the poet of Evolution," echoed the same idea when he said,—"Yet, I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs." Matthew Arnold asserted that "there is a Power outside ourselves that makes for righteousness." "The world, since the beginning," says another writer, "has grown toward Good. . . . From incandescent vapor the world was formed, life appeared, with its various forms, mind, man, the Universal Mind—all a progress toward the Benign."[8] Even Alfred Russel Wallace, the codiscoverer of the principle of Evolution, that is, Natural Selection, concluded that all Nature has been working "toward a single end, the development of intellectual, moral and spiritual beings."[9] "This earth," he says, "with its infinitude of life and beauty and mystery, and the universe in the midst of which we are placed, with its overwhelming immensities of suns and nebulae, of light and motion, are as they are, firstly, for the development of life culminating in man; secondly, as a vast school house for the higher education of the human race in preparation for the enduring, spiritual life to which it is destined."[10] Life then, as the spirit of Edgar Allen Poe is said

[8] Stackpoole, H. deVere, The New Optimism, p. 23.

[9] The World of Life, p. 341.

[10] Op. cit., p. 421. Emerson also asserts that "a cultivated man, wise to know and bold to perform, is the end to which nature works."—Complete works, vol. VI, p. 53.

to have declared, is "one eternal progress, with man's good as its goal."

But while it is true that here in our small corner of the universe Nature has been, on the whole, progressive, is it also true that it is so always and everywhere? The slightest reflection shows that it is not. The telescope reveals heavenly bodies in the process of dissolution as well as of integration. The moon, for instance, is a dead world. Mars has apparently reached the apogee of her development. So with numberless stars, they are falling into chaos. In the world itself natural phenomena reveal the same fact, namely, that regress is as much a part of Nature as progress. This puzzled Tennyson.

> "Are God and Nature then at strife,
> That Nature lends such evil dreams?
> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life;
> . . . . . .
> "So careful of the type?" but no,
> From scarped cliff and quarried stone
> She cries, 'A thousand types are gone:
> I care for nothing, all shall go.
> . . . . . .
> 'Thou makest thine appeal to me:
> I bring to life, I bring to death';"

What assurance have we, then, that in our own little corner of the universe eternal progress is guaranteed to us by Nature? None whatever. She brings to life, she brings to death. "Suppose, for example," said Huxley, "a return of the glacial epoch, and a spread of polar climatal conditions over the globe. The operation of natural selection under these circumstances would tend on the whole, to the weeding out of the higher organisms, and the cherishing of the lower forms of life. Cryptogamic vegetation would have the advantage over Phanerogamic; Hydrozoa over Corals; Crustacea over Insects, and Amphipoda and Isopoda over the higher Crustacea; Cetaceans and Seals over the Primates: the civilization of the Esquimaux over that of the European."[11] Nothing is plainer to even ordinary observation than the fact that Nature involves regressive as well as progressive phenomena, that Evolution and Progress are not identical terms. Nature creates the parasite as well as the

[11] Darwiniana, p. 91.

paragon. Many of her darlings are deformed. The doctrine of evolution is consistent with gradual progress, with indefinite persistence in one state, or with a gradual retrogression. If we should look down from an aeroplane upon the ocean, we should see all sorts of tide and wave movements, movements in every direction, all dependent upon the set or direction of the incident forces. Nature on the whole presents exactly the same aspect, a multiplicity of directions and a multiplicity of goals.

But how are we to account for the long natural progress culminating in man? We may as well ask, "How are we to account for the long natural regress apparent in Mars or the Moon. Since Nature is a congeries of universal and, from our viewpoint, blind forces operating in every possible direction, progressive phenomena in one part of the universe are as necessary, and no more to be wondered at than regressive phenomena in another part of the universe. As a matter of fact Nature knows nothing of progress or regress; they are human concepts. Man, however, naturally regards as progressive the cosmic movement that has resulted in himself. But what about all the sentient creatures, in this world or in others, that may have happened to be in the backwash of Nature, so to speak, and have been eliminated? Ephemera in a current of air, if intelligent enough to do so, might, probably would, interpret their general movement as a continuous progress that should awaken wonder, but the succeeding generation might find the wind blowing in another direction. From the viewpoint of infinite time, the existence of mankind is ephemeral.

All that we need to ask, then, is what is the direction and objective of Nature in this infinitesimal part of the universe known as the world? Lester F. Ward in concluding a discussion of this question, says, "We may therefore probably say with some approach toward the truth that the object of nature, as the phrase has been explained, is to convert as large an amount as possible of inorganic into organic and organized matter. This may be a somewhat unpoetical conclusion, and if we could have things as we want them a more delicate and respectable end might be imagined for nature to pursue. But we are only trying to ascertain what the end really is toward which things tend, and this formula comes nearer to expressing it than any other that has been offered."[12] Ward thus describes "the end toward which matters seem to be moving in an

[12] "Ward, Lester F., Pure Sociology, p. 114.

ascending series of creative acts such as we observe in our part of the universe at the present stage of cosmic evolution." But while it may be possible to discover some single and general objective in Nature "in our part of the universe at the present stage of cosmic evolution," there are also numerous specific objectives, and in another part and at another stage there will be other objectives. An appreciation of this fact led Gabriel Tarde to remark, "there is no single end in nature—no end in relation to which all others are means; but there is an infinite number of ends."[13] This must be true for the reasons we have given. Nature presents, and must present, the aspect of moving toward innumerable ends, for it involves a multiplicity of forces and an infinite variety of movements. Each of these movements, however, has an end or goal and a very prosaic one. It is rest, cessation of motion,—equilibrium or balance of forces, as it is expressed in the physical world,—adjustment or adaptation to the environment, as it is called in the biological and social world. The goal of Nature, then, whether taken as a whole or with respect to any specific natural phenomenon is balance or equilibrium.

This conception is, of course, a commonplace in the physical and biological sciences. The natural physical world consists of a practically infinite number of phenomena, of which the movements of the winds and waves and tides are typical examples. In the case of any such movements it is plain that the end or goal is equilibrium, that is, rest and cessation of movement. The primitive man interpreted all such natural phenomena in terms of his own welfare. But modern science sees only the operation of unchanging forces under invariable laws. So also with natural biological phenomena, the phenomena of life apart from purposive acts; the end is adjustment. Life itself is only "a continuous adjustment of internal to external relations." An organism lives only so long as the adjustment is maintained, that is, only so long as there is an approximate equilibrium of the forces acting upon and within the organism. If we consider the phenomena of species creation and development, the same thing is true. In general, with respect to the fauna and flora of the various parts of the world, this end is approximately reached. Man, however, being himself a force, disturbs the balance, without, as a rule, foreseeing the consequences. But when the balance is disturbed a movement at once takes place which is

[13] "Tarde, G., Social Laws, English translation. New York, 1898.

identical in principle to the restoration of balance in a pair of scales when its equilibrium is disturbed. When the organism or the species affected becomes once more adapted to its environment, the movement ceases. The end or goal of Nature in the biological world, also, is adjustment, adaptation, equilibrium.

It is so with the natural phenomena of mind. The most orthodox theologian would perhaps find no fault with the declaration that the mind craves rest, and he would perhaps be ready to prescribe the particular set of beliefs that will assure that desirable condition. But whether the mind craves rest or not, it is plain that the natural phenomena of mind are just the same with respect to their tendency as other natural phenomena; they move toward equilibration. That is their goal.

Natural social phenomena are no exception. And here let it be remembered that natural social phenomena include not merely the accidental in society, as it is ordinarily conceived, but also all social phenomena that are not intelligently directed toward a social end. From the highest viewpoint, that is the viewpoint of world order and world progress, almost the whole realm of social phenomena are in the natural sphere. Just as the phenomena of individual life, no matter how consciously directed in the interest of the individual himself, are often wholly undirected as viewed from the standpoint of the life of the group, so group life, say national life, is often directed with not the slightest conscious reference to the life of the race. From that viewpoint, that is, the general social viewpoint, such phenomena are without direction; they are purely natural. In all this wide realm, social movements are in the direction of social equilibrium and are as indifferent to the well-being of the race as the movements of the clouds or the roll of the sea. This goal, or rather these goals, in themselves have no more reference to, or respect for, man's well-being than the end of motion in a falling stone or a spouting geyser. In all natural phenomena, hence in Nature itself, the goal is the same. It is rest, balance, equilibrium, adjustment.

This may at first sight be regarded as a discouraging situation, but now let us look closely at the real significance of this fact with respect to man and society.

The characteristic distinction between living and inert matter is that, roughly speaking, the former acts, while the latter is acted

upon. "Tendency to equilibrium of force and to permanence of form," said Huxley, "are the characters of that portion of the universe which does not live—the domain of the chemist and physicist. Tendency to disturb existing equilibrium, to take on forms which succeed one another in definite cycles—is the character of the living world."[14] Disturbance of Nature, then, is an inevitable though not an exclusive function of everything that lives. Any disturbance without a conscious purpose belongs in the realm of the natural. Natural disturbances must affect for good or ill the well-being of the organism. Obviously disturbances whose effects are calculated in advance, and are thus intelligently predetermined, are most likely to affect the organism advantageously. Such disturbances, however, imply and require mind. The function of mind, then, is to direct in the interest of the organism all changes in the environment, that is, in Nature. In man mind reaches its highest level. It is the special prerogative of man, therefore, to disturb natural equilibria most effectively in his own interest, individually and collectively, and to determine by changing the environment their restoration at a higher level. The absence of purpose in Nature makes Nature wholly subservient to man.

Suppose, however, that Nature were relatively active not passive? Is it not obvious that man's power to improve his condition would be limited if not destroyed? His peculiar power lies just in the fact that he can disturb the equilibria of nature, and determine by his intelligence the conditions in which, when reestablished, the new equilibria may be, from the viewpoint of his well-being, at higher levels. So it would appear that Nature, blind, unconscious, indifferent to the fare and the fate of man, is just what man would wish it to be from the standpoint of his well-being. The sooner he perceives this, the sooner may he devote himself wholeheartedly to the study of natural phenomena in order to control them in his own interest and thus improve his condition.

As with man so also with society, which is collective man. Man has been slow to perceive that natural law prevails without exception in the realm of the unintended phenomena in society exactly as it prevails in all the other phenomena of Nature. "The conception of natural law," says Spencer, "which does not exist in the savage, is as yet but rudimentary in the civilized." But most civilized men are ready to acknowledge that the whole physical world is a domain

[14] Op. cit. p. 43.

of natural law. Many will agree that natural law prevails also in the field of natural biological and psychic phenomena. But few as yet perceive, and are ready to acknowledge, that society itself to the extent that it is not brought under human direction is also a domain of law. Law is as rigid and as universal in the undirected phenomena of human society as it is in the field of natural psychic, biological, and physical phenomena. The scope of the field of natural social phenomena will not be appreciated, or the full significance of the truth about Nature that we have been emphasizing be apprehended, unless it is seen that social evolution has thus far been almost wholly without direction. "It is true," said Spencer, "that much social evolution is achieved without any intention on the part of the citizens to achieve it, and even without the consciousness that they are achieving it, the entire industrial organization in all its marvelous complexity, has arisen from the pursuit by each person of his own interests, subject to certain restraints imposed by corporate society; and by this same spontaneous action have arisen also the multitudinous appliances of industry, science and art, from flint knives up to automatic printing machines, from sledges up to locomotives—a fact which might teach politicians that there are at work far more potent social agencies than those which they control."[15] Now, since all social evolution achieved without intention belong in the realm of Nature, this passage from Spencer may help the reader to perceive the fact just pointed out that society and social evolution are yet almost wholly without direction. "Civilized man," says Lester F. Ward, "although he has learned not only to avert the dangers of the physical forces but even to subjugate and utilize them has made no progress with social forces, and looks upon the passions precisely as the savage looks upon the tornado. Man is only civilized in relation to the lower and simpler phenomena. Toward the higher and more complex phenomena he is still a savage. He has no more thought of controlling, much less utilizing, the social forces than the savage has of controlling or utilizing the thunderbolt. Just as pestilences were formerly regarded as scourges of God, so the so-called evil propensities of man, which are nothing but manifestations of social energy, are still looked upon as necessary inflictions which may be preached against but must be endured. This difference is wholly due to the fact that while we now have sciences of physics,

[15] Various Fragments, New York, 1897, p. 132.

chemistry, geology, and bacteriology, which teach the true nature of storms, electricity, gases, earthquakes, and disease germs, we have no science of social psychology or sociology that teaches the true nature of human motives, desires, and passions or of social wants and needs and the psychic energy working for their satisfaction. The sociologist who has a proper conception of his science as similar in all essential respects to these other sciences, and as having, like them, a practical purpose and use for man, looks upon the social forces as everybody looks upon the physical and vital forces, and sees in them powers of nature now doing injury, or at least running to waste, and perceives that, as in the other case, they may, by being first studied and understood, be rendered harmless and ultimately converted into the servants of man, and harnessed, as the lightning has been harnessed, to the on-going chariot of civilization."[16]

Natural phenomena, then, including natural changes in society, may be typified by the ocean, society by the crew and passengers on a ship. If these, each in pursuit of his own ends, allow the ship to drift with the natural forces of wind and tide, they may by chance reach the harbor. But they are more likely to be caught in an adverse current and swept on the rocks. If, perceiving their danger, they rely upon the natural aim and tendency of nature to save them from destruction, their reliance is likely to be in vain. Prayer will not save them, Providence will not interfere. They may cry aloud and the only echo will be their wailing cry. Their only certain hope of salvation is an accurate knowledge of the sea and of navigation, and steady hands upon the wheel. The only boon, aside from the materials and forces of nature, that man should ask is the power he now has, namely, the power of self-direction and the direction of social evolution.

The secret and assurance of continuous human progress, then, is not any fixed aim or goal in Nature. It is not in Nature at all, but in Mind. The beneficence of Nature lies not in some inevitable destiny inherent in its operations, some far off divine event to which it moves by virtue of its resident forces, but in its marvelous and abundant materials and forms of energy, all of which are at the service of man's intelligence, enabling him to realize the divine event formulated by him as his own objective. When man fails, it is because of ignorance or want of knowledge, not because of fate or

[16] Pure Sociology, p. 110.

miracle. The only assurance of material success is scientific knowledge of the materials and forces of Nature. The only assurance of moral success is the same, coupled with the emotional stimulus of a moral ideal. Man, individually and collectively, must think out and work out his own destiny. Collectively he has hardly begun this process. Men are intelligent but Mankind is a fool—and nations are little better. They spend money for battleships instead of education and in schemes for the promotion of international goodwill, which would make protection unnecessary. They send ineffective punitive expeditions into neighboring countries that cost more than enough to establish colleges in all their cities of considerable size. They go to war and destroy enough lives and property to make all the waste places of the earth to blossom as the rose. They turn the knowledge and instruments of individual achievements in science to their own destruction, and then call upon God to save them from their own folly. Without any intelligent concerted effort to direct their own evolution toward a worthy end, they talk of "manifest destiny," and imagine they display superior piety by depending upon a divine Providence that rules and overrules in the affairs of nations, instead of depending upon themselves. Nations, like individuals, make their own beds; they must lie in them. They may and should determine their own destiny. There may be a Divinity, but there is no divinity that "shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." There is no power outside of ourselves that unerringly makes for righteousness. Now and then the accidental operation of natural forces do so. But man, and man alone, equipped with scientific knowledge of society, and inspired by a scientific social ideal, can determine social destiny. Man, if he did but realize it, is himself a god.

The prevalent conception, then, of social progress through an inevitable movement and aim in Nature, or through divine determination of natural phenomena, or divine interference with natural laws, is poor science. May we not say also that it is poor theology. It has not the religious value it has been supposed to have. The theologian turned historian, or the historian turned theologian, has often pictured the whole stream of natural phenomena, particularly the natural social phenomena of recorded history, as converging toward his own cult or his own nation. Occasional and dramatic events, and these alone, are pointed to as evi-

dences of divine interference. The doctrine of such interferences he calls, "God in history." Such a doctrine, however, is a conception suited only to the philosophy of primitive man. The expression has generally conveyed the idea of special providence, that is divine interference as manifested in some particular act. But may not Providence be regarded as general not special? May it not be that the beneficence of the Creator is manifested in the unchanging character of natural laws, the inevitable tendency of all natural phenomena to a state of equilibrium by which alone Nature, all Nature, is made subservient to man's intelligence?

Such at least is a reasonable tenet of the religion of science. Religion is not fuddling with the mysterious. It does not necessarily involve concern about "the other world." One world at a time! True religion, practical religion, is at least a provisional acceptance of the scientific view of Nature and of Mind, a love for the highest ethical ideal that the mind of man has been able to conceive and formulate, and consecration to the task of realizing that ideal here in this world through the utilization of the materials and forces of Nature in intelligent human effort. Prayer from this view, is concentration, conservation and consecration.

In conclusion we may say, it is disloyalty to science as well as to art to set any limit to man's potential control of Nature, and it is a reflection upon the Divine Beneficence to declare, as many do, that there are forces operating in society which man may not control and direct. What a vista that opens for future human achievement!

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be!"

EUGENE O'NEILL CONTEMPLATES MORTALITY

BY BRYLLION FAGIN

THE drama has never been regarded in America with the same seriousness with which it has been accepted in Europe. Here it has always stood primarily for amusement, a contrivance to while away a few leisure hours. It has reflected neither the problems of American life nor the movements in American art. It started as a transplanted product, rootless, arising neither in the mythology of a people nor in the rites of its worship. It has developed along the lines of popular amusement.

Until the insurgent theatre crossed the Atlantic in the second decade of this century, our drama raised but few problems, and, with one exception, none of fundamental import until O'Neill came along. Theatre and life were viewed by both playwright and audience as separate entities. To be sure, drama often resembled life, but the two parted company as soon as the construction of a play began. For one thing, drama was much more pleasant. Things happened in a play as they ought to happen in life and did not. The playwright made them happen. The playwright was an engineer, said Bronson Howard, the Dean of American Playwrights until 1908. Howard is also remembered as the man who could not understand the somberness of Ibsen.

The problems that American playwrights exploited were of the obvious, newspaper variety. During the Revolution Mrs. Mercy Warren in "The Blockheads" countered General Burgoyne's thrust in "The Blockade of Boston." The War of 1812 and the Civil War supplied the playwrights with topical themes. The influence of foreign manners upon certain susceptible Americans produced Tyler's "The Contrast" in 1787 and Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion" in 1845. But whatever the problem, it was usually shoved aside as

soon as the play began to assume its conventional structure. The dramatist became more interested in producing a "well-made" play than in his subject matter. The theme merely supplied a starting point but it did not determine the form of the play. Dion Boucicault was not interested in the problem of slavery in his "Octoroon," any more than Howard in "Shenandoah" and William Gillette in "Secret Service" were interested in the Civil War. They were all interested in telling a love story and in complicating it sufficiently to keep the audience in the theatre for the major portion of an evening. Their plays were as remote from the subjects they purported to deal with as Belasco's frankly romantic "Madame Butterfly."

When the so-called "problem play" definitely reached America, the effect upon our playwrights was merely to increase their supply of themes. Such dangerous or unpleasant subjects as Wall Street ethics, tenement life, capital and labor, infidelity, divorce, prostitution, politics, came to be regarded as fit subjects upon which to hang theatrical entertainment. The treatment, however, that was accorded these subjects was almost always either melodramatic and sentimental or naive. The author, even such pioneers of realism as Steele Mackaye and James A. Herne, overplotted and artificialized his material. He either raved and surrendered or solved all difficulties by a sweet dénouement.

But even had the American dramatist agreed to forsake the tradition of the "well-made" play and to take his problems seriously, it is doubtful that he would have succeeded in producing more lasting drama. For the problems themselves were not fundamental ones; at best they often suggested fundamental implications, which the dramatists failed to see. Ibsen does not live today because he discussed woman's position in the home or the actualities of a father's sins being visited upon his offspring. Ibsen lives because besides seeing that there were certain definite problems in his age demanding a solution, he saw also that life entails the joy of growth and the tragedy of decay; the poetry of man's wanderings in the world and the essential tragedy of his weary return. Even in his simple problem plays, such as "Ghosts," Ibsen often transcended the problem and saw with the eyes of a poet beyond the merely ephemeral topic. And this can be said for every great drama that has survived time and fashion; it has had poetic

overtones of far greater importance than the fable it told.

The ephemeral nature of American drama before O'Neill is due to its lack of just such overtones. It is not merely a lack of intellectual content; it is more profoundly an absense of warm sensitivity and "high seriousness." The American dramatist has not been first of all a man, who, having lived life, brings his results in understanding and comment to his chosen artistic medium. Instead he has been first of all a dramatist, who goes to the pot of life in hopeful search of a juicy bit that might feed his craft. It did not often occur to him that life itself is drama, and that his own reaction to it as a being caught in time and space, his own joy and sorrow and perplexity, constitutes his art. "Drama" was something detached and technical. It followed a certain formula. It consisted of a theme and a plot, which in turn consisted of certain divisions and complications. The vogue of the "problem play" did freshen the theme of the American drama, but it left the drama itself just as bare of all brooding overtones as it had been from the beginning. The problems did not spring from the dramatists' intensity—and they did not affect the essential vision of their engineering design.

The one exception before O'Neill was Percy Mackaye. Early realizing that drama had greater value than merely to take care of the leisure hours of the tired stenographer and her employer, he preached the civic dignity of the theater. A poet himself, he was not afraid to model his early plays upon the poetic drama of Shakespeare's England and Sappho's Greece. Once, in its Golden Age, the drama soared into imaginative spheres beyond the transitory problems of man's daily grubbing; it had poetry and music; it had ecstasy. Mackaye sought to return to the Golden Age. His work as a whole is of great value, but it does not concern us here, except one play, his "Scarecrow."

The importance of "The Scarecrow," in connection with this article—which is concerned with the work of O'Neill—lies in the fact that it was the first American drama dealing with a profoundly fundamental problem. This "tragedy of the ludicrous" does not present a mere topic of the day, a problem arising from the outer form of American existence. Taking a suggestion from one of Hawthorne's short stories, Mackaye created a drama whose essential theme is the insignificance of universal man. The Scare-

crow—"a flail and broomstick! a cob, a gourd and pumpkin"—becomes a symbol of that sublime "inanity"—Man. The tragedy comes when through the power of love the scarecrow gains a vision of himself as he is. More compassionate than Dean Swift, Mackaye holds forth self-contempt as the one redeeming trait man possesses. But Mackaye solves no problems and answers no questions. Like the great dramatists of old he is content to voice the passionate yearning of the race for understanding and the despair of the old consciousness of relentless futility. "Is it Thou," the scarecrow, contemplating himself in the mirror, demands of God, "that peerest forth *at* me—*from* me? Why, hark then; Thou shalt listen, and answer—if Thou canst. Between the rise and setting of a sun, I have walked in this world of Thine. I have been thrilled with wonder; I have been calmed with knowledge; I have trembled with joy and passion. Power, beauty, love have ravished me. Infinity itself, like a dream, has blazed before me with the certitude of prophecy; and I have cried, 'This world, the heavens, time itself, are mine to conquer,' and I have thrust forth mine arm to wear Thy shield forever—and lo! for my shield Thou reachest me —a mirror, and whisperest: 'Know thyself! Thou art—a scarecrow: a tinkling clod, a rigmarole of dust, a lump of ordure, contemptible, superfluous, inane!' Haha! Hahaha! And with such scarecrows Thou dost people a planet!"

II

Eugene O'Neill has been very prolific. He has utilized old themes and new ones. He has written good plays and merely fair ones. He has received enthusiastic acclaim and bitter condemnation. This is not another attempt to evaluate his contribution to American drama. A complete appraisal of O'Neill's dramatic activity would require much more space and a wider perspective. The aim of this article is to focus attention upon one theme that has stimulated O'Neill to creative work, one problem with which O'Neill has wrestled as a man and as an artist. It is a fundamental, a universal problem, never before exploited by American dramatists—excepting Makaye. It is the problem of man's insignificance, of man's mortality.

O'Neill, too, has written about temporal problems. He has written about the conflict of the sexes, the conflict of races, about

capital and labor, about prostitution. Yet even these plays have lived on long after they were first presented in a theatre. They have proved disturbing, as previous plays on the same subjects by American playwrights never did prove. They have proved disturbing as plays on the stage and as great literature is disturbing, in book form. They have not shared the fate of nearly all American plays—that of drawing huge crowds to a certain theatre on Broadway for a number of weeks or months or years and then lapsing into oblivion. They have displayed a disturbing vitality—in New York and in Berlin, in Moscow and in Tokyo.

The explanation of this phenomenon lies in the fact that O'Neill's plays are more than problem plays. He never takes a subject containing a momentary problem and builds it into a play which has nothing more to offer than this basic theme and possibly a naive solution. Even his topical plays are rich with overtones that transcend the topic and the play and the characters in the play. The limited unity of the little drama becomes merged into the greater unity of a larger drama. The characters X, Y, Z,—Anna, Yank, Jones—acquire the symbolic significance of Man and Woman. The Moment recedes and the problem is enacted in Time. Emotions and thoughts do not come separate and isolated but drag along other emotions and thoughts. The background of the eternal flux of human existence looks down upon the petty immediacies displayed to an audience; it broods, glows, frowns, and is audible with overtones more disturbing than the play of the evening.

In at least five plays, O'Neill contemplates man's mortality, not merely by implication, but deliberately and boldly. Again other thoughts and other emotions obtrude. Complete isolation of an emotion, for microscopic inspection, is impossible. Nerve fibers hang on; memories, hopes, fears run in and out of the brain and complicate every attempt to separate consciousness. But the motif of birth and decay dominates the action and the thought in these five plays. From the beginning of his playwrighting career O'Neill showed an inclination to ask fundamental questions. The sea—so important in his early plays—became a symbol of inscrutable life; powerful, magnetic, it calls to man, lures him on, and destroys. What is the purpose of the sea? And what is the purpose of the magnet of sex? To what purpose is the call to live and multiply, so long as death is certain and inevitable? To what purpose are

man's aspirations and heartbreak and mistakes and atavistic bars and the futile gesture of combat with destiny? Who is man and why?

The first play upon this theme was "The Fountain." It was not as successful as O'Neill's other plays of the same period, "Beyond the Horizon" and "Anna Christie." It was not as "realistic." Already then, in 1920, O'Neill realized that if he would treat of unlimited subjects he would have to abandon the cramped realism of the popular theatre. The action in "Beyond the Horizon" and "Anna Christie" is definitely localized and the characters carefully individualized; in "The Fountain" the element of symbolism and personification becomes apparent. The later development of O'Neill has been in the same direction. He has striven to tell not individual story of Robert or Anna, but the story of the human race, the conflicts that have raged from time immemorial and the perplexity that must forever remain a perplexity. Hence he has been driven into unfolding his stories by means of numerous scenes, way-stations in the wanderings of a mortal. Hence he has been driven into a generalized diction and into poetry, for only the poet can express the exalted moments of man's triumph and frustration in universal cadences. Hence he has been driven even to the employment of masks and choruses, expedients of ancient Greek drama. Hence his symbolic successes, such as "The Great God Brown," and failures, such as "Dynamo," in which the literal fable completely fails to merge into the symbolic tragedy and approaches the limits of absurdity.

"The Fountain" tells the story of Juan Ponce de Leon's search for the spring of youth. Juan is an adventurer, strong, active, arrogant. Youth and love are but glittering commonplaces to him—until youth passes and he is "sick with years." Then it is that he asks bitterly "Why have I lived?" and prays: "O Son of God . . . Show me Thy miracle—a sign—a word—a second's vision of what I am that I should have lived and died! I have striven for what the hand can grasp. What is left when Death makes the hand powerless? . . . O Mighty Relaxer of hands, have you no vision for the graspers of earth?" His words carry the tragedy of man's decay and the pathos of his helplessness. He calls pitifully: "What are you, Fountain? That from which all life springs and to which it must return—God! Are all dreams of you but the one dream?

(*Bowing his head miserably*) I do not know. Come back, Youth. Tell me this secret!"

"What are you, Fountain?" O'Neill repeats this question in "The Great God Brown," in "Marco Millions," in "Strange Interlude," in "Lazarus Laughed." He changes his words, modulates his voice, restrains or yields to his intensity, but the question remains essentially the same. Like Everyman, in the medieval Morality by that name, and before and after that Morality, confronted with the termination of his brief span of burning activity, O'Neill fumes and frets, cowers and trembles, rants and curses and whines and pleads, and broods brokenly upon the great enigma. He fumbles amid the welter of symbols he has constructed and gropes in the chaos of their emotions toward some sort of clarification, only, in the next play, to repeat his question over again.

"The Great God Brown" is a dramatization of the ancient conflict between Puritanism and Hellenism, between asceticism and hedonism. It contains eleven scenes and a prologue and an epilogue. Some of the characters are masked to indicate the duality of their natures. Even their names are symbolic. Margaret—the Eternal Feminine; Cybel—Mother Earth. But the play centers about Dion Anthony, who, it is easy to see, is Mr. Eugene O'Neill, of New York and New England, masked. Weary with the conflict between Dionysus the playboy and Antoninus the austere, O'Neill comes once more to Mother Cybel to be comforted. And Cybel strokes his hair maternally and laughs at his weakness. "You were born with ghosts in your eyes," she tells him, "and you were brave enough to go looking into your own dark—and you got afraid." A good diagnosis of the case of the artist in our midst. Yet he remains afraid before the dark curtain hiding the endless void. "Into thy hands, O Lord," he prays *with ascetic fervor*. (*Then suddenly, with a look of horror*) "Nothing. To feel one's life blown out like the flame of a cheap match . . . ! To fall asleep and know you'll never, never be called to get on the job of existence again!" And Cybel *pats his head maternally*: "There, don't be scared. It's in the blood. When the time comes, you'll find it's easy." But evidently he does not find it easy, for when she kisses him good-by he begins to sob. Even her admonition, "Remember, it's all a game, and after you're asleep I'll tuck you in," does not help. His last word is a *choking, heart-broken cry*: "Mother!"

And Cybel remains murmuring the old riddle: "What's the good of bearing children? What's the use of giving birth to death?"

And not only Dion Anthony trembles like a little child as he faces dissolution, but even the more practical William Brown himself. He too comes to Cybel battered and weary and snuggles gratefully against her, finding that "The earth is warm." Cybel tucks him in, and whispers soothingly, "Ssshh! Go to sleep, Billy." "Yes, Mother," Brown responds. (*Then explainingly*) "It was dark and I couldn't see where I was going and they all picked on me." "I know," says Cybel.

In "Marco Millions" O'Neill started out to write a satire of our modern commercial civilization and its representative "wise man," Marco Polo, but the play ends as a poignant tragedy of man's quest for happiness and understanding and his ultimate defeat. Marco is convinced that he is immortal. He will not confess that his soul is but a stupid invention of his fear and that when he dies he will be "dead as a dead dog is dead," yet he trembles at the prospect of having his head cut off, for he cannot imagine his death. But Marco is too insignificant to make the contemplation of his mortality dramatic. Death becomes tragic only when it affects the existence of a sentient personality. It is only when O'Neill begins to contrast the ancient wisdom and the sadness and resignation of the East with the brashness and purposeless activity of the West that his play acquires the deep overtones of great drama. The death of the beautiful princess Kukachin, the Little Flower, "the golden bird singing beside a black river," and the unavailing lament of Kublai Kaan transmute the sordid history of Polo's acquisitiveness into a play full of exquisite poetry. The last scene reverberates with the intolerable burden of the unanswerable question. The priests of the East—Taoist, Confucian, Buddhist, Islamic—can answer Kublai only with the assertion of the chorus: "Death is." And the Chronicler intones resignedly:

> We lament the shortness of life. Life at its longest is brief enough:
> Too brief for the wisdom of joy, too long for the knowledge of sorrow.
> . . . . . .
> Our sobs stifle us, our tears wet the ground, our lamentations sadden the wind from the West.

Yet we must bow humbly before the Omnipotent.

The same sadness of resignation marks the end of O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." After nine acts crowded with human events —a "tangled mess of love and hate and pain and birth"—Nina settles down to "rot in peace." Ned Darrell leaves, praying to God to teach him to be resigned to be an atom, and Nina remains with the conviction that life is only a Strange Interlude. All "lives are merely strange dark interludes in the electrical display of God the Father!"

"Lazarus Laughed" chronologically came before "Marco Millions" and "Strange Interlude." It is, of all O'Neill's plays the most rigidly concerned with the problem of mortality. Lazarus has risen from the dead and all that behold him seek to know: "What did you find beyond there, Lazarus?" He gently rebukes them: "O Curious Greedy Ones, is not one world in which you know not how to live enough for you?" But man's quest for the secret goes on. "What is beyond?" comes the refrain of the chorus. It is echoed in one form or another by the ragged multitude and the powerful Roman legions, by the lecherous Tiberius and the cowardly Caligula, who knows, even before Lazarus tells him, that he is but "a bubble pricked by death into a void and mocking silence." Lazarus has been beyond and he has brought back a strange laughter. His compassion embraces the entire race of men, "whose lives are long dyings! They evade their fear of death by becoming so sick of life that by the time death comes they are too lifeless to fear it. Their disease triumphs over death—a noble victory called resignation!" Most men, however, are not resigned; they cling to the few certainties they possess and, like Tiberius, they do not wish to die. Unlike Tiberius they might not even admit that "If I were sure of eternal sleep beyond there, deep rest and forgetfulness of all I have ever seen or heard or hated or loved on earth, I would gladly die!" Only Lazarus is sure, and he laughs a joyous laughter. He knows the secret. And O'Neill knows.

III

For himself at least, Eugene O'Neill has found an answer to the question of mortality. In these five plays in which O'Neill views the transience of human existence, he not only poses dark riddles, but he presumes to point a way, to strike a heartening har-

mony. Out of the depths of fear and doubt and despair into which he has imaginatively gone down he returns, like Lazarus, with a joyous laughter in his heart, and exultation not the less triumphant because it encloses the vast sadness of the world. He could not remain passively whining at the inevitable doom of extinction; out of his fearful intimations of mortality he has forged a shining armor for man, a bold consciousness of survival with which to meet the devouring riddle of time.

Like Lazarus, O'Neill has found the answer to death. It is: "There is no death!" Only fools and madmen, cowards like Coligula, who kill out of a terrible fear of death, believe in death. In reality

There is only life!
There is only laughter!

Lazarus who died returns with an affirmation, a thundering Yes, of the indestructibility, the endlessness of life. Man as dust is "eternal change, and everlasting growth, and a high note of laughter soaring through the chaos from the deep heart of God! Be proud, O Dust!" Lazarus calls. "Then you may love the stars as equals!" Because man thinks only in terms of his temporary form rather than of the agelessness of his dust he walks this earth in aching loneliness and dies of self-pity. If he would but say with Lazarus: "Millions of laughing stars there are around me! And laughing dust, born once of woman on this earth, now freed to dance! New stars are born of dust eternally. The old, grown mellow with God, burst into flaming seed! The fields of infinite space are sown—and grass for sheep springs up on the hills of earth! But there is no death, nor fear, nor loneliness! There is only God's Eternal Laughter!" Alas, that man forgets the laughter of Lazarus, the eternal rhythm of rotating dust, the deep, soft laughter of being and becoming!

O'Neill's conception of immortality can be termed biological. Birth and death, growth and decay, are the unending cycles of existence. "Always spring comes again bearing life!" Mother Earth, Cybel, speaks over the body of Billy Brown. "Always again! Always, always forever again!—Spring again—life again!—summer and fall and death and peace again!—but always, always, love and conception and birth and pain again—spring bearing the intolerable chalice of life again!—bearing the glorious, blazing crown

of life again!" And O'Neill's use of the term God is biological, naturalistic. God is, as Time is, as Dust is. And man's pain and travail are normal phases in the unchanging changes of being. Billy's last words are not words of lamentation. As he approaches his earthly habitation his words rise with the wisdom of Lazarus: "The laughter of Heaven sows earth with a rain of tears, and out of Earth's transfigured birth-pain the laughter of Man returns to bless and play again in innumerable gales of flame upon the knees of God!"

There is a good deal of Eastern philosophy in O'Neill's attitude toward life and death. If he has not been able to acquire the serenity of the East, he has at least accepted inevitability and resignation. He has accepted the Eastern view of life as "an interlude, of trial and preparation, say, in which our souls have been scraped clean of impure flesh and made worthy to bleach in peace." In fact, Charlie Marsden, who speaks these lines, has been more victorious by standing aloof and waiting with Buddha-like patience, than either Nina or Darrell by yielding to the fever and fury of their passions. In the end all three realize the inevitability of bleaching, except that Charlie comes to the anodyne of peace much earlier. The cycle is now continued by young Gordon, who flies "away into another life."

O'Neill's discovery of the endless continuity of life and of its perpetual metamorphosis in external form tempers the tragic brooding of his plays. A poetic flame lights up the rebellious futilities of his heroes. Their efforts become ennobled and their defeats become victories in the march of eternity. Everywhere the voice of the Fountain bursts into song:

> Life is a field
> Forever growing
> Beauty a fountain
> forever flowing
> Upward beyond the source of sunshine
> Upward beyond the azure heaven,
> Born of God but
> Ever returning
> To merge with earth that the field may live.

Ponce de Leon dying hears "the rhythm of eternal life." He sees the "Fountain everlasting, time without end! Soaring flame of the spirit transfiguring Death! All is within! All things dissolve, flow

on eternally!" He prays to the "aspiring fire of life" to sweep the dark soul of man, and that he might burn in its unity. Ponce de Leon, the bold adventurer, dies exulting that "God is a Fountain of Eternity, that He is the All in One, the One in All—the Eternal Becoming which is Beauty." He dies hearing the earth and youth and love and the Fountain sing *"an all-comprehending hymn of the mystery of life as the curtain falls."*

And the beautiful princess Kukachin, hearing the chorus of women chanting her earthly career:

> The lover comes,
> Who becomes a husband,
> Who becomes a son,
> Who becomes a father—
> In this contemplation lives the woman,

responds with the terse summary of O'Neill's answer:

> I am not.
> Life is.

THE HINDU THEORIES OF ILLUSION

BY RASVIHARY DAS

AMONG the many contributions of the Hindus to Logic and Epistemology, their discussions on the problem of illusion have got an importance of their own. They are likely to be of particular interest at the present time when epistemological problems connected with sense perception are receiving great attention from many contemporary thinkers. We propose therefore to give in this paper a critical survey of the principal theories of illusion that are met with in the standard philosophical writings of the Hindus. We shall also incidentally point out at the end the inexplicable character of the phenomenon of illusion.

Before any theory is propounded about illusion, the fact of illusion must be taken for granted. But what is an illusion? An illusion is a case of perception in which the object perceived is not found to be there. The illusory character of a perception is not realised at the time of perception. It is only when one act of perception is sublated by another perception, directed towards the same object, that we realise the first perception to have been wrong, and designate it as an illusion. So long as it was there, it was taken in all seriousness to be a case of valid perception. The claim to validity is an essential aspect of illusion. So long as we are not deceived by an appearance, we have really no illusion. Anyway the important thing about an illusion is that the object as perceived should not be there. Some other object may indeed be in its place. But that is not what we take it to be. Merely in perceiving there is no illusion. It is only by an objective reference that a perception is determined as an illusion. As a psychological fact an act of perception, whether right or wrong, is as real as any other fact of the same order. A perception is known as an illusion when the per-

ceived content fails to justify its mistaken identity with the object before the perceiver.

Now in illusion there is certainly some object before the percipient subject, and it must be in some form of contact with the appropriate sense organ of the perceiver. So the object, which is there, may be said, in a sense, to be perceived. What can be or is ever perceived is always the object before the perceiver. But the mental content in the case of illusion is not of the same form and nature as the object. They are really distinct, and illusion consists in not taking note of this distinction. This is the non-apprehension theory (akhyativada) of illusion advocated by the Mimamsakas.

In order to understand the full significance of this theory, we must refer here to the Mimamsaka doctrine of the self-validity (svatahpramanyavada) of all knowledge. According to the Mimamsakas, the validity of an act of knowledge is not derived from anything outside the knowledge but is inherent in it. Whenever there is any knowledge, the validity of the knowledge is given along with the knowledge. If knowledge as such were not valid, it would be very difficult to determine its validity by any other means. It may be supposed that the validity of an act of knowledge can be determined by another act of knowledge. But an act of knowledge can really determine the validity of another only when the determining knowledge is itself valid, and how shall we be assured of the validity of this knowledge? If for its validity we are to be referred to a third act of knowledge, we do not know how the resulting regressus ad infinitum can ever be stopped.

One may suppose that the validity of a knowledge is due to the absence of defect in the instrument of knowledge or to the possession by the object of the exact form that is ascribed to it by knowledge; because we find that our knowledge is not valid when there is some defect in the instrument of knowledge and the object does not possess the form that is ascribed to it by knowledge. But it is easy to see that the true form of the object and the absence of defect in the instrument of knowledge must be known in order that they may be used as criteria of valid knowledge. It is only when we know that there is no defect in the instrument of knowledge that we can pronounce a particular knowledge to be valid. But how are we to know that our knowledge of the absence of defect in the instrument of knowledge is itself valid? Unless this is valid, it

cannot validate another knowledge. So we have to suppose either that our knowledge of the absence of defect in the instrument of knowledge is valid by itself or that we have to go beyond this knowledge in order to secure its validity. If we accept the latter alternative, it is again easy to see that we shall be led on to a regressus ad infinitum. So we have to accept the former alternative and admit that knowledge does not owe its validity to anything else. If we do not accept this position, the Mimamsakas say, all our knowledge will be infected with doubt, and universal scepticism will be the inevitable consequence.

But if all knowledge as such is valid, what then is an illusion? It is evident that if we are to explain illusion in the light of this theory, we must give it a character different from what is generally associated with it. We should recognise that if illusion were a case of knowledge, it could not but be valid. So if it is not a case of valid knowledge, it is no knowledge at all. An illusion, then, is a case of no-knowledge (akhyati). But this negation of knowledge, which characterises illusion, should not be taken absolutely. It is not a fact that we get illusion where there is absolutely no knowledge. If it were so, our dreamless sleep would have been the best instance of illusion. But this is not so. In illusion something is surely known, and in so far as there is knowledge, it is all valid. But there is also some fact which is not taken note of and this non-cognisance constitutes the real essence of illusion. When a piece of white shell is mistaken for a piece of silver, what happens is that although the object before the perceiver, merely as presented something, is perceived to be there, its specific character is not grasped on account of some defect in the conditions of perception, either insufficiency of light or some defect in the eye or something else. The shining appearance of the piece of shell, which is very similar to the appearance of silver, revives in our mind certain impressions which are associated with silver, and in consequence we come to have a remembrance of silver. The content silver can scarcely be called a perceived content, since there is no silver in the field of perception. So silver is not the object of perception but a mental content revived in the mind by means of memory. The real object of perception is the piece of white shell present before the percipient subject. But in illusion we fail to take note of the distinction between what is presented and what is only revived in the mind by

memory. The non-apprehension of this distinction defines the character of illusion.

But how does the shining appearance of a piece of shell produce in us the memory of silver rather than that of other pieces of shell which we have seen before, seeing that the appearance of a piece of shell is similar not only to that of silver but also to the appearance of other pieces of shell as well? In order to understand why we remember silver and not any piece of shell, which we may have seen before, we must realise that our interest plays a great part in all facts of our conscious life. We are more interested in silver, because of its superior value for us, than in pieces of shell and this interest accounts for our ready remembrance of silver.

Still there is some difficulty in this position. In all acts of memory there is a reference to past experience which is signified by our speaking of the remembered object as "that" and not as "this." In illusion, however, we say "this is silver"; and we do not speak or think of the silver as *that* silver, which should have been the case if the silver in question were an object of memory.

This difficulty can be solved by supposing that the reference to past or "thatness" in the remembered silver is overlooked by us because of some mental defect, i.e. our greed for wealth. Moreover thatness is not an essential aspect of an object of memory. When for instance we remember the meaning of a word, we do not recognise it as "that" meaning.

But when in illusion we say "this is silver," we use "this" as the subject and "silver" as the predicate of one and the same proposition. We imply thereby that "thisness" and "silverhood" occupy the same locus (samanadhikarana). And thinking in all seriousness "this" to be silver, we go forward to pick it up. This seems to go against the implications of this theory which supposes that the silver is only remembered. The silver that is remembered occupies a different place in time and space and in order to obtain it we should not move towards a place where it is not.

To meet this objection we have to remember that in illusion we have two distinct acts of knowledge and that they differ in their character as well as in their object. The one is perception and the other is memory. The object of the one is "this" and that of the other "silver." But as the difference between these two distinct acts of knowledge does not appear to us for the time being, we treat

them both as identical (in illusion) and refer their objects to the same locus.

When we have an illusion of silver, silver is no doubt known in some form. The important question to decide is about the character of this knowledge. When we can find out what the real object of this knowledge is, we can find out what its real character is. The Mimamsakas believe, with their notion of the self-validity of knowledge, that the object of any act of knowledge can only be that which appears in it. If the object of knowledge could be different from what appears in it, we would not have faith in any knowledge, and would thus involve ourselves in utter scepticism. So the real object of a knowledge of silver, even in illusion, can only be real silver. But if this is so, then what is the nature of that knowledge? It may be either perception or inference or memory. There is no fourth alternative. As there is no silver before the perceiver, we cannot suppose that there is any preception of silver. A perception of a thing is possible only when the thing in question is in direct contact (sannikarsha) with our sense organs. The object being not present in the case of illusion, we cannot suppose that it is really perceived. It may be supposed that our knowledge of silver in illusion is really perception, the real object of the perception being the piece of shell which is present before the perceiver and which somehow appears as silver, owing to some defects in the conditions of perception. But this supposition implies that the object of a perception can be different from what appears in it and is therefore open to the objection that it will lead to universal scepticism as pointed out above. It would be strange if the content of a perception were to be referred to an object which is utterly different from it. We conclude therefore that our knowledge of silver in illusion is not perception.

It is also not inference. An inference is always mediated by the knowledge of a middle term (linga) and in illusion we do not find any knowledge of a middle term.

Therefore we seem forced to the conclusion that our knowledge of silver in illusion is of the nature of remembrance. The object of this knowledge, which is real silver and is not present before us, is brought to our consciousness by an act of memory.

The Mimamsakas maintain that it is on this theory that we can satisfactorily explain the subsequent knowledge (on the cessation

of illusion) that it is not silver. On any other theory we have to suppose that our knowledge, that the thing before us is not silver, is a contradiction of the previous knowledge that it was silver. But all knowledge being equally valid, there cannot be any real contradiction between one knowledge and another. On the Mimamsaka theory there is no contradiction between the two acts of knowledge. In the former knowledge we failed to take note of the difference between the perceived "this" and the remembered "silver," whereas in the latter we only come to recognise this difference.

The above will give us some idea of the Mimamsaka theory of illusion as non-apprehension of distinction. But a little reflection will show that it is open to several criticisms. It is maintained by this theory that both the presented object (this) and the remembered content (silver) are known and only their difference is not known. But we fail to understand how two things can appear in knowledge without making at the same time their distinction from one another apprehended. When two things are cognised, we naturally expect that the difference between them will also be cognised.

It has been said that if our knowledge fails to reach its object, if, that is, the real object is not given in our knowledge, we shall lose all faith in knowledge. This difficulty can hardly be met even by this theory. For when we get a knowledge of the form "this is a table," we cannot be sure whether the table in this act of knowledge is only a remembered table or a perceived one, whether, that is, the table is or is not present before us.

Moreover when we judge "this is silver," what is given in our knowledge is not "this" and "silver" but "this-silver," a complex unity which is analysed in our judgment as "this" and "silver." It is grasped by a single act of mind and it does not seem to be a correct reading of facts to suppose that in this one act of knowledge we have a mixture of both perception and memory.

Mere non-apprehension of distinction cannot explain our specific conduct in any case of illusion. Non-apprehension is absence of knowledge. It is absurd to suppose that we can be moved to any activity (e.g. running away from an illusory snake) from mere lack of knowledge. It is rather in the false identification of one thing with another that we must look for the essence of illusion.

So the Naiyayikas hold that when in illusion we say "this is

silver" there is an attribution of silverhood to the presented object. There is no doubt about the fact that in an illusion of silver there is an appearance of silver. The only question is whether there is real silver or something else or nothing at all behind the appearance. We cannot suppose that there is nothing at all behind the appearance, because a mere nothing can never put up an appearance. We cannot also suppose that there is real silver before us which appears as silver in illusion, because in that case the appearance would not disappear with the cessation of illusion. We have therefore to suppose that there is something else, namely a piece of white shell, which appears as silver, because our subsequent perception is that it is not silver but a piece of white shell. We must therefore believe, so the Naiyayikas say, that in illusion a thing appears different from what it actually is. This theory is known as anyathakhyativada, the theory of different appearance. The Naiyayikas do not believe in the validity of all knowledge. In their opinion a knowledge is valid only when the object of knowledge possesses the form that is ascribed to it. In illusion the object of knowledge (a piece of white shell) has not the form (silverhood) that is ascribed to it. Therefore it is not valid. If knowledge as such were always valid, there would be no room, they say, of any doubt. Since we have real doubts about the validity of some cognitions, we cannot think that knowledge as such is always valid. The Naiyayikas will admit with the Mimamsakas that whenever there is illusion, there is some defect in the conditions of perception and we fail to perceive the thing before us clearly. But the illusory character of a knowledge consists not in our failure to perceive clearly, but in the actual appearance (khyati) of one thing as another or different (anyatha) from what it actually is.

Although it is generally true that a thing appears as it is, we are forced, by the subsequent cancellation of our illusory knowledge to admit that in illusion a thing can and does appear different from what it actually is. This theory maintains that there is some real basis of an illusory appearance, and that an illusory object also has real existence, although not at the place where it is seen in illusion. Unless there were real silver, which we had seen before, it would not be possible for us to have an illusion of silver.

There are thus three points to be specially noted in this theory of illusion: first, the appearance of something other than the object

before the perceiver; secondly, the existence of a real basis of the appearance, and thirdly, the existence of the illusory object. Let us consider these points one by one.

According to this theory, an illusion is the appearance of an other. But wherein lies the otherness? Does the thing behind the appearance become itself an other and put up the appearance? or is there otherness only in the appearance? A thing cannot of course have the attribute of otherness to itself. It can become an other only in the sense of being transformed into a different thing by an actual process of change. If it does so and then presents itself, we shall no longer call the appearance an illusion, and it will not be cancelled by any subsequent knowledge. We have therefore to suppose that the otherness in question lies merely in the appearance. But what constitutes the otherness of the appearance? The otherness of the appearance can be constituted only by the fact that the form of the appearance is that of silver whereas its basis is something different, that is, a piece of white shell. By the term "appearance of silver" in this connexion we mean the knowledge of silver that we get in an illusion of silver; and when we speak of its otherness we can only mean that our knowledge of silver has for its basis something which is different from silver. But we can refer to a thing as the basis of some knowledge only when the form of the thing appears in that knowledge. When a piece of shell does not appear in a knowledge, in what sense can it be the basis of that knowledge? This leads us to the second point.

Our knowledge of silver in illusion has a real basis or an unreal one. If it had a real basis, it should not be contradicted at all. But the fact that it is contradicted shows that it has no real basis. So it can have only an unreal basis. But an unreal basis is no basis at all. To say that our knowledge of silver in illusion has no basis at all is to say that there can be an appearance which need not have any basis.

It may be said that there is real silver in the world, and hence our knowledge of silver, even in illusion, is not absolutely baseless. But although silver as silver may exist somewhere else, e.g. in the shop of a silver-smith, silver as appearing in illusion, i.e. in the form of a presented object at a particular point of space, has no real existence. When in illusion our knowledge is of the form "this is silver," the basis of this knowledge can be either "this as identi-

fied as one with silver" or merely "this" or merely "silver." "This" (the object before the perceiver) as silver does not exist, for the object before the perceiver is only a piece of shell and not silver. So only "this" or only "silver" can be the basis. But in either case our knowledge would not be of the form "this is silver," but would be either of the form "this" or of the form "silver." It is difficult to maintain therefore that there is any real basis for an illusory appearance.

Let us now consider whether an illusion anyway implies the existence of the illusory object. When our illusion of silver is corrected, we certainly say "this is not silver" and thus deny the existence of the silver that appeared in illusion. Real silver might have been experienced before, from which we got the idea of silver, but whether it exists somewhere else even now, we cannot say either from the occurrence of illusion or from its correction. It is contended that in the correcting cognition silver itself is not denied, (we do not say "there is no silver"), but only its identity with the object before the perceiver. But if merely the negation of the identity of two things were the meaning of the correcting cognition, both the things would be given in it. That, however, is not the case.

These difficulties have persuaded the idealist Buddhists to hold that it is needless to assume the existence of external things. In illusion, as everybody admits, we have direct knowledge of a thing which is not there before us. The silver, seen in illusion, can therefore be only a form of knowledge. This theory is known as atmakhyativada,—the theory of the self-presentation of a knowledge or an idea. What is in reality a mere idea comes to present itself as an external object and therein lies the illusory character of an appearance. What is really there is only a flow of knowledge which sometimes comes to us in the form of silver and sometimes in that of a piece of shell.

This view does not seem to be quite plausible. If the silver in the illusory cognition were a mere idea, it would not come to us as a presented object. Moreover this view does not supply us with any criterion of truth and error. If the flow of knowledge alone were responsible for everything we see or hear, then there would be no ground for making any distinction between valid and invalid knowledge.

Some Buddhists formulate their theory of illusion in a different way. What is self-presentation (atmakhyati), from the point of view of knowledge, is, from the objective point of view, the presentation of the unreal (asatkhyati). When on the correction of illusion we say "this is not silver," we mean that the object before us was never silver. So in illusion we have the appearance of a thing which is not there. This theory is therefore called asat-khyativada or the theory of the presentation of the unreal. If it is objected that what is unreal cannot have an appearance, the Buddhists will readily reply that the appearance and the non-appearance of things are not dependent upon the nature of objects but they are regulated by avidya or elemental ignorance.

But the problem is not solved how an unreal entity can ever become the object of our perception. The silver that we see in illusion cannot be absolutely unreal. Because if it were absolutely unreal, we would not have seen it at all. Nor can it be real, for in that case it would not be negated in the correcting cognition. So the silver of illusion belongs to a category of being which is neither real nor unreal. This is anirvachaniya-khyativada of the Vedantins (of the Sankara school), the theory of the presentation of the indescribable.

This theory seems to be necessitated by the insufficiency of asat-khyativada which supposes the illusory object to be absolutely unreal. But it is doubtful whether this theory itself makes the matter any the clearer by its peculiar notion of the indescribable. What is indescribable in the sense of being neither real nor unreal is really unthinkable. Real and unreal are generally taken to be mutually exclusive; we cannot think of a middle region which is neither real nor unreal. We do not understand how the indescribable appears and disappears and are not provided with any means of finding out whether the object of any of our perceptions is or is not of the nature of the indescribable, so long as it does not disappear from the field of perception, yielding its place to a new object.

According to the Vedantins of this school, the propositions "this is silver" (in illusion) and "this is not silver" (on the cessation of illusion) have got predicates of different significance. In the first proposition silver stands for indescribable silver, and in the second it stands for ordinary silver such as can be had in the market. Such being the case, there is no real contradiction between these two

propositions and so the truth of one proposition cannot be taken as the ground on which the falsity of the other can be asserted. In fact if we accept this theory, we cannot say that the proposition "this is silver" based on illusion is really false, because some sort of silver, even though it may be of the indescribable kind, is granted to be there at the place of illusion, and what sort of silver is expected by the perceiver is not specified in the proposition itself.

While we are passing these theories in a critical review, it is well to recognise that every one of them has got something relevant to say regarding some aspect or other of the phenomenon of illusion. We know that our judgments of perception are not wholly determined by what actually comes from without. Our past experience, present interests and other accompanying circumstances are responsible for much that we seem to see or hear. And it is true that in illusion we are not able to distinguish between what is given outside and what is simply mental. These points are emphasised by the theory of non-apprehension (akhyati). The theory of different appearance (anyatha-khyati) gives us exactly the ordinary view of illusion that it is the appearance of one thing as another. But ontologically the thing seen in illusion is not certainly there in reality. So it is an appearance of the unreal (asat-khyati). Hence it is plausible also to suppose that what we see to be there in illusion is really an idea of the mind (atma-khyati). But if it is an idea of the mind, how is it seen as an external object? And if the illusory object is wholly unreal, how is it seen at all? These difficulties have been brought out by the theory of indescribable appearance (anirvachaniya-khyati). But if these constitute a real difficulty, it is such as can admit of no further explanation. When it is said that a particular phenomenon is an illusion, we must admit either that we have understood all that requires to be understood in the case or that we have something which from the nature of the case is inexplicable. An illusion may be supposed to be explained completely when the nature of the illusory object is explained. There is nothing to be explained in mere seeing. It is a self-explained psychological event. But it is the nature of the illusory object that raises the whole crop of difficulties. The illusory object is either a mere nothing or something. If it is something, it is either real or unreal. If it is real then it is either psychical or physical. These alternatives appear to be exhaustive and we find that none

of them is explicable in the case of the illusory object. The illusory object is not a mere nothing which by itself is not a possible object of thought or perception. It is surely something, but a something which cannot be said to be either real or unreal. If it were unreal, it would be a mere nothing and would not be seen at all. If it were real, it would be either psychical or physical. But if it were psychical, it would not have an external appearance, and if it were physical it would not disappear. So it is neither psychical nor physical, and we cannot conceive of a third variety. Hence we cannot say that it is real at all. When we realise that it is nothing in the world of reality, we can easily understand that there is nothing in reality which can serve as its ground and supply its explanation. We have to take it simply as a fact of experience that in illusion we have the appearance of a thing which is not there. When a knowledge is recognised to be an illusion, we must acknowledge that epistemologically it has received a final characterisation beyond which nothing further can be said about it to make its nature more intelligible to us.

THE SOUL

BY T. B. STORK

SOME declare there is no soul, others, the majority using the term, are able to attach little definite meaning to it. Popular language is misleading, we speak of a good mind, a strong will, a great soul, meaning that the man thinks correctly, makes firm decisions, has fine feelings. We do not mean that the man is a series of compartments, one labelled mind into and out of which his thoughts march like a fourth of July procession, or another a dark cave from which his will issues, a mighty giant of action, or still a third a sort of bird house to and from which his feelings flutter like doves in a dovecote.

We know the ego is not partitioned off in any such mechanical fashion. The man, the ego is one undivided unity, his thinking, his willing, his feeling, are simply the various functionings of his egoistic activities. We hypostatize these functionings when we speak of mind, will, soul and find so doing very convenient for our every day dealings with each other. Philosophically speaking, however, this is of course absurd, an absurdity which becomes more apparent when we find a man solemnly declaring, there is no soul. How would such a skeptic answer if he were asked whether he had ever experienced the feeling of hate, of fear of love. For if he ever had that experience he must admit that he has a soul; that is what soul means translated from popular language to that of philosophy. I feel, therefore, I have a soul is as true as I think, therefore, I am.

It is by thinking, willing, feeling that we know ourselves; these congeries of activities make up ourselves to ourselves, they are ourselves, to doubt which is to doubt ourselves.

Whatever name we fix on them whether we simply style them feelings, emotions of the ego in and for themselves, or hypostatize

them as soul, there is no doubt that practically and philosophically they are of supreme importance the one important thing in an unimportant world. All our happiness as well as unhappiness consists in our feelings and emotions. It is the soul and its welfare that is more important than health or riches or power. All the material goods of this life are only of value as ministering to the soul's condition. We say this with our lips, we recognize its truth intellectually but by our acts we continually deny it. A man strives for the material goods of life as if they were good in themselves apart from the soul and their effect upon it. Happiness of soul is the measure of all these. Often it is entirely independent of them. Happy beggars and unhappy millionaires are not unknown or even rare. It is all a matter of the soul that many of the inequalities of condition that distress the tender-hearted (one man with the world at his feet, another worn with suffering, deprived of even the necessities of living) may disappear, be of little importance compared with their respective states of soul.

It would seem almost superfluous to argue a point like this, to insist that pleasurable feelings (the happy soul) were the true object of all men, but when we see how men confuse the means of pleasurable feelings with the pleasurable feelings themselves as if they were pleasurable in and by themselves it seems worth while to insist that before going after the means of pleasurable feelings health, wealth and the like we enquire whether they will render to the soul the pleasurable feelings sought, in other words, make a happy soul. Often they do create a happy soul but not always, it depends on the soul.

With this sort of happy soul, the result of external sensations of one kind or another we do not deal. Our concern is with the happy soul created by internal conditions, the happy soul of which religion treats. For convenience we use the term soul but only as an easy method of referring to the emotional side of the ego with the full understanding that soul as a separate distinct part of the ego is unthinkable. It is the soul of which St. Augustine said "Deum et Anima scire cupio; Nihilne plus? Nihil Omnino." Or in the words of Scripture what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul or what shall he give in exchange for his soul. Happiness of soul in the sense we use it means, to quote a recent author, "the union of the soul with God. That and

that alone is religion; church attendance, the ten Commandments, charity, missionary efforts, these in themselves are not Religion. Religion is the Religious spirit and all the rest but the means of that end."[1]

Formidable objections to this statement present themselves. To assume that happiness of soul thus defined is the one supreme purpose of life, that it is the one important reality in a unimportant unreal world is to make every man the final judge of what that happiness is, makes his own consciousness the ultimate tribunal by which happiness is to be judged. Permit me to postpone the handling of this difficult point to the end of the discussion: first because it forms the appropriate climax of the reasoning involved and secondly because in the course of the discussion much will emerge to show how completely and satisfactorily the assumption of the soul's supreme importance disposes of many theological and philosophical difficulties and so affords persuasive evidence of its truth: it reconciles and accounts for the facts.

Taking up then some of these difficulties and applying our assumption to their untangling, we come, first, upon what is, I suppose, one of the most distressing dilemmas to the thoughtful man. What is to be the fate of those men who long before Christ lived and were, so far as we are able to form any judgment, good, well meaning men according to their lights. It revolts our sense of justice that, because they did not believe in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, did not know the necessity of baptism, or understand the meaning of original sin or of predestination, were ignorant of the tender love of God which Christ brought to men that they must be consigned to eternal punishment. Be it conceded that our human reason is not competent to deal with these high matters, it is yet a satisfaction to find a solution that at least does no violence to our human ideas of justice and right.

If these men of the ancient world were happy souls in the sense to be later defined and explained, they may not only have escaped damnation but may have themselves created their heaven. Under our assumption men make their own heavens and hells. For what is Heaven and Hell? It is not a place but a condition, a condition of the soul and there may be as many heavens and hells as there

[1] Debellino's England, p. 403.

are varieties of men.[2] Each man's heaven or hell will differ from every other man's according to the capacity of the particular man. The heaven of St. Francis of Assisi will not be the same as that of an Esquimaux or a Hottentot or even of the average man. It will be richer fuller, just as one man's nature is richer and fuller. In my father's house are many mansions, we are told, which indicates the difference that must exist in the heaven of men.

By this measure of the soul we may in like manner value the various religions of men, not by way of condemning them but by way of estimating their true worth. It is by richness of content which a given religion bestows on the soul that we are to value and judge it. The old Hebrew religion with its stern and awful Jehovah did not give to the soul that love and child-like confidence that Christ brought, nor did the religion of Mahomet although, compared with the religions it displaced, it gave to the soul a higher spiritual content. It destroyed the materialistic and hampering worship of idols, presented to the soul the idea of one Almighty God to whom unceasing prayers—five times every day—were to be offered. The prayers, fasting, giving of alms tended to a higher spirituality.

We do not condemn the various religions of the world but we judge them as more or less helpful to that happiness of soul which is the goal of all religions. We measure the heaven which they prepare for their worshippers by the richness of content that it gives to the soul, by the nearness to God that it brings. It is this that makes the content of the soul and so, its happiness.

In like manner, this measure of the happy soul may be applied to those dogmas over which such long theological disputes have raged and so many dusty and forgotten volumes have been written. Does this particular dogma make for a happy soul: Then to that soul it is true and all disputes about its truth are idle. Its truth is the making of a happy soul. Whether predestination, the Virgin birth, even the Divinity of Christ are in question, their truth is the making of a happy soul. In the next world it matters not whether predestination, the Virgin birth, original sin are true or not, they will have fallen away, the rude scaffolding, upon which has been

[2] It would seem that this is contrary to the teaching of Scripture where we are told of the place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched but it must be remembered that this language is metaphorical, symbolic, appealing to the Oriental imagination to which it was addressed.

built the happy soul. That survives and lives forever. These dogmas have no further office and disappear. The futility of these dogmas save as they stand in relation and as they contribute to the happy soul, may be known by considering what the consequence to the happy soul would be if a dogma such as predestination should eventually turn out untrue. It could not be contended that the falsehood of the dogma of predestination would destroy the happiness of soul or affect in any way the salvation of that soul which had mistakenly but in all sincerity believed it.

In all these measurements we must always bear in mind that in them we undertake an intellectual task: the attempt is to measure spiritual values by our intellectual powers and that such measurements must always fall short of any true and accurate appreciation. Spiritual values are refractory to intellectual measurements in a very great degree. The music of Mozart cannot be expressed in logical terms nor can it be compared with the music of Bach or Beethoven. It is only in terms of emotion that we have knowledge of them and these are incapable of accurate measurements or expression in words. We may get some sort of notion by comparing the various mechanical or intellectual devices by which the emotions are kindled. We can compare the mystical beliefs of Brahma, the cold logical doctrine of Calvin, the doctrines verbally formulated of the various religions and perhaps conjecture more or less truly the emotions they would create in the soul. The doctrine of predestination, we may think, calculated to make feelings hard and uncompromising, the doctrine of universal salvation, to create tolerant and kindly feelings for others. But the spiritual condition of the soul is beyond and above all these and is to be known only as it is experienced.

Hell like Heaven is this spiritual condition of the soul, it depends for its significance on the individual man. We make heaven or hell here on earth by our daily lives. Thus is the justice of God made manifest since man by his own deeds makes his own reward or punishment under, of course, the rule and in accord with the laws of God but always by his own will and effort. And so we may with confidence hold that those men of old, if their souls were happy in the sense of being in union and harmony with God, according to their capacity and knowledge have attained heaven, have saved their souls. The process of creating heaven or hell in the

soul may be conceived not altogether imperfectly if we picture to ourselves the man on earth giving free rein to all his appetites without regard to the appetites of others. The appetites thus unchecked when deprived of all satisfaction by the death of the body upon which they depend will plunge the soul into the hell of a Tantalus with physical cravings ever present but without any possibility of their satisfaction. On the other hand a soul whose physical appetites have been held in proper subjection, whose spiritual side has been developed enters the next world with all the opportunities for the satisfaction of its spiritual cravings increased a thousand fold, the possibilities of its union with God brought far nearer than ever they could be in the material world, its physical appetites gone with its physical body. For of course all the physical pleasures that make up the great part of our human life, give it all its most poignant joys and sorrows, perish utterly with death and the soul that has no spiritual joys within itself is a starving empty shipwrecked mariner on those eternal seas. It is only spiritual joys, companionship and union with God, that survive and must furnish the soul's joys or leave it empty and joyless in their absence.

In the world of the Hebrews where we have the most complete and lengthy account of the history and development of happy souls and the reverse—that is of religion for that is what the development of a happy soul means—we see how long before Christ's coming men acquired happy souls, souls which by no process of reasoning could be conceived as wicked or destined to eternal punishment. David, for example, despite his sins and moral downfalls never lost the sense of his spiritual obligations, never wholly fell away from the union with God which is the goal of happy souls. In his penitential psalms we read again and again of his struggles to regain God's favor, to renew that union with God impaired by his evil doing. The coming of Christ and his teaching simply put before the soul a new and higher means of attaining its happy state, its union with God. It brought a tenderness and love into the relations of the soul with God which had never before been vouchsafed to man.

And thus by realizing the all importance of the soul we are enabled to grasp the true office of prayer. For prayer is not a tool, an improved heavenly instrument for accomplishing some

physical purpose. The dispute regarding its efficiency in this aspect is seen to be an idle, useless speculation which is the fruit of a want of understanding of its use and purpose. The experiment made some years ago in London of subjecting one ward in a hospital to the prayers of the faithful while neglecting all prayer for a second ward and thus testing the efficacy of prayer by the difference in the recoveries made by the patients in the two wards is an example of the crass materialism of looking upon the office of prayer not as solely and only for the growth, development and welfare of the soul but as a "go-getter" of worldly material good things. The great service of prayer is the putting the soul in close communion with God. This does not exclude the asking for earthly gifts, material help, health, wealth, success or whatever the soul craves, because this expresses the hopes, the feelings of the soul and, if the prayer be truly a prayer, there comes back perhaps the very help requested; what matters is that there comes back to the soul a union with God, an assurance of his presence and sympathy, in short a happy soul. So a parent might pray for the life of a child, the prayer might not be granted, the child might not live; yet if that prayer brought calm to the parent's soul, an understanding and a submission to God's will it would be truly answered, would accomplish its real purpose in the development of the parent's soul. The soul and its happiness are the only important things in an unimportant world. The soul destined for a life to all eternity far outweighs the earthly life of a child destined at best for an earthly life of a few brief years. Prayer brings to the soul the presence of God himself, the Holy Ghost—be it said with all reverence and fear—comes to the praying soul, the mystery, the glory of this surpasses all human words.

In the Scriptures we are told of the sin against the Holy Ghost, what that is, how awful in its finality we are only dimly warned. Even prayer is powerless: "Whoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him neither in this world neither in the world to come."[3] If we dare make a conjecture may it not be a condition of soul created by an exclusive absorption in the affairs and interests of this world so that the capacity for understanding and sharing in spiritual things becomes so atrophied that it is lost beyond recall. There is no room for spiritual growth, God is excluded from the soul by these earthly desires, these physical appe-

[3] St. Matthew XII, 32.

tites and the intense pursuit of their satisfactions. There is no cure for this, no remedy, no forgiveness: it is past that stage of sinfulness where repentance and change of feeling are possible. "There is a sin unto death, I do not say that he shall pray for it:"[4] This in all probability is what is meant by that terrible declaration of hopeless condemnation. It is a condition of soul past praying for.

We then come to the vital fundamental question: What is happiness of soul and how do we know it. The reference is of course to that eternal happiness of soul that is briefly described as spiritual, the reunion with God, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

The man in the street if asked if he were happy might perhaps reply with all confidence, "Yes, of course I am happy." If however the further question were asked: "How do you know you are happy?" We can imagine his bewildered expression at what would seem so unreasonable a question. He might say: "Why I am happy and I know it because I am." To answer philosophically he would say the feeling of happiness is myself for the time being, I cannot doubt it without doubting my own existence of which it is for the particular moment a part. In other words it is an example of the immediate apprehension of something by consciousness. This happiness is not necessarily the happiness of soul which we deal with here. There is a perfectly genuine happiness produced by external sensations, eating, drinking and other physical satisfactions cause a happiness that is not to be despised. But the proof or evidence of both states of soul is precisely the same: It is an instance of direct knowledge which is beyond all possibility of doubt or question. The two states of the soul, the temporal and the eternal, are easily distinguished. Two outstanding marks of eternal happiness are first, it is permanent, it depends on no extrinsic elements. The transitory sensations of the external world which carry with them when they pass the happiness they produce are of no consequence. Secondly, its dependence is on internal as contrasted with external conditions. It is superior to all external circumstances and to all happiness produced by them.

As a result of this permanence and superiority a third characteristic emerges capable of intellectual cognizance. This is a certain peace and tranquility, nothing disturbs this serene condition of soul. Calamity, dangers, sickness, to these and all other evils of a

[4] 1 John V: 16.

like nature, the soul possessing it is immune. It is in harmony with itself and with all around it. It suffers no agitating feelings, hatred, malice, evil, selfish desires are suppressed by its happiness of soul or rather it may be said that happiness leaves no room for them.

The gratification of physical desires that makes up terrestrial happiness in large degree often brings men into conflict not only with their fellow men but with nature. Thence result much misery, disappointment, struggle. In the happiness of soul with which we deal this is, of course, impossible since it is based on internal conditions entirely independent of external influences.

These marks are, I think, the only ones capable of intellectual statement, marks by which we may recognize the happiness that is eternal, destined to form the basis of all the joys of the world to come. The vital and crucial test is too esoteric for any exact statement in intelligible terms. The indwelling of God, the Holy Ghost in the soul, which is the highest and last stage of this happiness is not communicable by one who has it to another. It has to be known only by experiencing it. The soul that has it possesses the assurance of salvation within itself: that possession is salvation.

It will be said with much cogency that this makes every man the sole judge of his own salvation. The only answer to this criticism is that this solipsism, if so we must call it, is true in many other instances. Every man is the final and only judge in matters intellectual as well as spiritual.

External authority, for example, of Pope, Church, priest, would seem to exclude all personal judgment of the individual, to substitute a higher over-ruling tribunal. But a very slight investigation of the process by which the rule of such tribunal is exercised would reveal that the final tribunal is in the soul itself which recognizes and gives effect to the decrees of the external tribunal. The soul passes on the credentials of all alleged authorities accepting or rejecting them as seems good to it. It is a historical fact that in some cases these authorities of Pope, King, or Church are rejected and the soul is revealed as the sole and final authority in all spiritual and many temporal matters. If the soul were governed by external authority all would submit to it without question.

But again a formidable objection makes itself felt. Is every man his own judge: is there no universal standard, no fixed estab-

lished rule to which all must conform? Is there no Procrustean bed of right and wrong upon which each man is to be stretched and measured? To this, in the last resort, the answer must be "No." There is no such standard outside the man himself. The rule, the exact standard is within the man himself. It is not of his enacting, it is given him by a higher almighty power, the same power that prescribes the laws of his thinking. Like these laws it is of validity so far as he knows only for himself. Of the validity of the rule beyond himself he has no knowledge just as he has no assurance of the validity of his thinking beyond himself; there is no sufficient voucher for either. It is valid for himself, he must recognize and obey it, but that is all. The moral sanctions laid down for him in his soul are true for him, beyond that he cannot go. To prescribe these rules for another is intolerance, that fruitful source of wrong in ages past.

But again it might be urged that there is a general consensus so to speak of all men in certain rules of conduct, beliefs, that seem to claim by reason of their universality a superior authority to that of any individual man's rules or beliefs. While a plausible contention, it is utterly unsound in reason for it is to be remembered that no authority can rise above its source and the source of these rules and beliefs is the soul of the individual man. His soul originates these rules and beliefs and the bare fact that many souls agree in them adds no authority additional to that of the individual soul any more than adding to a column of ciphers increases the sum total. The fact of the universality does indeed give a certain probability of the truth of the rules and beliefs but that does not vouch their authority. Not only that but we find that this universal consensus varies with different races and different periods of time.

What then must we conclude is the ultimate authority which passes on the happiness of soul as true and of saving virtue? It must of necessity be the man's own assurance in his soul. In all spiritual concerns his only guide must be his own consciousness his immediate apprehension of spiritual truth. This he can never verify by external evidence any more than he can verify his intellectual conceptions such as causality for example. He has the two marks of permanence and of superiority to external influences. These can be known and defined in intelligible terms and they dis-

tinguish this eternal happiness from all other; beyond this he must trust to the happiness itself as he recognizes it as such.

It is at this point that all the skeptical and other intellectual difficulties arise. They are all based on a fatal misapprehension, namely, the failure to comprehend that the happiness of soul here indicated is the final reality, there is nothing beyond or above it, as St. Augustine has declared. God realized that in the soul is the final attainment of all knowledge of Him. To such a soul the declaration that there is no God, has no meaning, for God is within it.

The existence of God so far as we are permitted to know, is a matter belonging exclusively to the soul, that is, the emotional side of the ego. The existence of God as affecting the physical world, as the power behind and above all natural phenomena is a matter which concerns the intellect. It must be dealt with intellectually. But the human mind has not power adequate for any such subject. Were the Atheist challenged to prove the non-existence of God he would find himself essaying an impossible task for he would be compelled to reason on the basis of those mental conceptions which govern human reasoning but for which he possesses no voucher or authority but his own mind. In other words all skeptical speculations of this sort are simply fairy tales, spun out of vain imaginations without value or real meaning. The truth being that apart from and outside the soul the proof or disproof of God's existence is simply impossible philosophically and strictly speaking. God has revealed himself to the soul of man, but there is no evidence in nature of external proof of himself. All the arguments framed on the fashioning of physical nature, the adapting of means to ends, are based wholly and entirely on the conceptions of the human mind, causality, purpose, unity of design, what is called the teleological proof, which, so far as we know, have no reality outside of the mind. Thus we are brought back to man's soul as the only reality in an unreal world.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF THE GROWING JESUS

BY WILLIAM H. ROBERTS

A JEWISH lad, growing to manhood in turbulent Nazareth while Rome held all the western world in an unrelaxing grip, came to believe himself the Messiah, the Promised Deliverer, of his people. It was not an uncommon delusion. It led him where it led many others—to death on a Roman cross. In it alone there is nothing to challenge our attention or command our interest.

The incidents of his brief career and the genius apparent in his sayings, however, were such that for nearly two thousand years a very considerable portion of the human race has affirmed the sanity and the rightness of his claims. He has been held to be not merely sane but the supreme personality of history. He did not drive the Romans from Judea. He did not liberate his people. He never even tolerated the suggestion of revolt. His efforts ended in defeat and agony and shame. Yet his impact upon the life of the world has been beyond all measurement.

Through nearly twenty centuries it seems to have accumulated rather than lost energy. From his cross the young Nazarene has ruled the world. Even today, in situations remote in every feature from those in which he moved, his authority is invoked, his sayings are considered of greater weight than the edicts of emperors. An unequalled winsomeness of character draws to him followers from all the races of the world and binds them into a fellowship transcending racial and political divisions.

In two respects, at least, our generation is better equipped than any that has gone before to understand Jesus. We possess for the first time in history a scientific and a tolerably adequate psychology. And it has been our privilege to witness, in circumstances amazingly parallel point by point to those that obtained in his day, an

attempt to apply his teachings on an immense scale. Gandhi's labors in India have illuminated the sermon on the Mount more vividly and more realistically than all the commentaries.

To trace the development of Jesus is a psychological problem of unique and superlative interest, if it is nothing more. And today it can be done. In spite of the obscurity that envelopes his early years, it is possible to discern a well-defined, coherent, and intelligible principle of growth. The materials at our command are meagre indeed; but they are such that, if we use them at all intelligently, we cannot altogether fail.

The starting point is clear. We must begin with the twelve-year-old boy in the Temple, conversing with the teachers of Israel —"hearing them and asking them questions" (Luke 2: 46). The point at which we must arrive is also clear. It is the coming of Jesus into Galilee exclaiming, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me: Because he hath annointed me to preach good tidings to the poor (Luke 4: 18-19). The Baptism and the Temptation plainly mark the supreme crisis. Here are four shafts that reveal the course of the vein of precious ore beneath. We have only to connect them in a coherent scheme.

The Boy

It is easy to dismiss the story of Jesus' first visit to the Temple as a legend. It does seem akin to those bizarre narratives that make up the apocryphal gospels. On the other hand the incident, rightly understood, is plausible and illuminating. Nothing in the canonical record obliges us to regard him as a *godling* exhibiting prodigies. Whatever the evangelist may have thought, it is no great wonder that a boy of twelve should astonish even men of the most extensive and thorough learning. Bright boys are always doing that.

Jesus, of course, lived ages before the days of the "I. Q.". No other childish anecdotes enable us to guess at his "mental age" at the time. But we have studied the early years of great men. And we can be certain that he was thoughtful and sagacious beyond his years.

He did not ask his questions, we may be sure, with any purpose to confound the ancient wisdom. He asked them for the simple

reason that there were things he wanted to know. He answered for an equally simple reason—because others asked questions of him. It was all like a boy. At least it was like such a boy as Jesus must have been.

With the aid of memory and a moderate exercise of the imagination, it should not be difficult for us to enter sympathetically into the experience of the boy of Nazareth on that first memorable journey to Jerusalem. Probably every one of us has known something of the excitement he must have felt. We may even now be able to recall the brilliance of every landscape, the tension of every nerve, the alertness of every sense, the untiring vigor of young muscles.

No boyhood trip of ours, though, can have compared with this first venture of the small-town boy into the wider stream of Jewish life. Every stage of the journey brought to view scenes associated with stirring events in his people's history. To him, as to every Jewish lad, Jerusalem had a wealth of meaning which neither our great commercial centers with their glittering amusement palaces, nor our capitals with their legislative halls, can ever possess. In Jewish eyes it was "beautiful for situation, the joy of all the earth." God's house was there. At its grandeur even Gentiles, familiar with the architecture of Athens and Ephesus marvelled. In its courts proceeded the impressive rituals of the Jewish religion. Above it rose the smoke of a nation's sacrifices.

The boy's questions must often have perplexed his parents. What boy's have not? Probably the simple teachers of Nazareth were often at a loss to answer. We cannot be far astray, if we introduce at this point the first of the very few assumptions we shall be compelled to make. We may suspect that from the outset of the journey, possibly for a long time before, he had cherished in typically boyish fashion, half avowed but shyly concealed, a great purpose.

In early adolescence, awakening to great problems to which in Nazareth he could find no satisfactory solutions, it is entirely natural that he should look forward to seeing in Jerusalem the men whom all his nation held in honor for their wisdom. He would hear them speak. They were probably kindly men, too; and the opportunity might arise to place before them some of the questions and the thoughts that were forming themselves in his mind.

With this assumption we can understand his words to his parents, when their anxious search for him had at last succeeded. As they stand (at least in the translations), no ingenuity can make them sound other than ungracious. They carry the taint of the *godling*. If our interpretation is correct, however, he might well ask those who were closest to him why they had not looked for him there at once. He may even have reminded them that they knew his intention from the first. It would be like a boy to assume that they understood obscure hints. And it would be like parents to *mis*understand.

That God was for him already "My Father" there is no good reason to doubt. It was not an uncommon title to apply to the Deity. To believe that even in early adolescence the words held for him a deep and a poignant meaning is not to surrender ourselves to any cramping dogma or ecclesiastical Christology. It is only to note that an attitude fundamentally characteristic of his later life was already forming.

How vividly some obscure and difficult problems of theology might be illumined; and what new ones might be suggested; if we could see the youthful Jesus struggling with questions of faith and life. Of one question we may be certain. It confronted every loyal or devout Jew. It tortured them, like a fire forever burning within their breasts. What was God's plan for His people? Was there a plan at all?

Daily the Roman power grew more oppressive and insulting. The Greek culture day by day became more insidious and menacing. What was the meaning of Israel's long agony? Would a deliverer appear, as so often in the past? When would the Romans be driven from the land? When would the glories of David and Solomon return?

One of the innumerable tragedies of the time may well have given exceedingly sharp point to the questions that puzzled the scholars in Jerusalem. For nearly a century before the final catastrophe in A. D. 70, the Jews maintained a bitter, a persistent if necessarily intermittent, a pathetically futile rebellion against the invincible and ruthless power of Rome. A particularly serious outbreak was led by Judas of Galilee about the year 6 A. D. Jesus, born sometime between 4 and 10 B. C., growing up in Nazareth,

could scarcely have been ignorant of it. If it was already stamped out when he made his first journey to Jerusalem, ferocious fighting, the tragic blighting of fantastic hopes, the cruel vengeance of the Romans, were matters of recent and vivid memory. If it had not yet burst, he surely knew of smoldering grievances, perhaps of secret preparations. From whichever angle he knew of it, it was an enterprise to quicken the thought and to fire the imagination of every Jewish boy.

What answers he made to the questions that others asked, we can of course only guess. But we can guess at one that would account for the astonishment of his hearers. We are obliged to deduce it from the teachings of his ministry; and this will constitute the second of our assumptions. It is not impossible, indeed it would seem even probable that he had already caught at least a glimpse of the vision which later filled and dominated his life—of an empire founded on love, grander, wider, and more enduring than any could be that was based merely on military coercion. It may already have occurred to him that Israel's true destiny was not imperialism but pioneer achievement in the realm of the spirit and leadership through sacrificial service.

Whence could he have derived an insight so penetrating and so revolutionary? It is easy for us to see now that the materials were all about him. There was the visible might of Rome wherever he turned—fortresses, marching legions, crosses with their tortured victims. There was the scarcely less visible weakness of his people —the deadening legalism of orthodoxy, the wild fanaticism of the revolutionary zealots, the inarticulate yearnings of the common people, pathetic "sheep without a shepherd." There was the record of the past. There were the great words of the prophets—above all that strange, compelling figure, "The Servant," "on whom was laid the iniquity of us all and by whose stripes we are healed." (Isaiah 53.)

Disillusionment may have played its part. In this matter it may be that the tragic years of the Great War have enabled us to enter somewhat into his experience. As young men we dreamed that

> ". . . . . truth and error speak their words
> "Through hot-lipped cannon and the teeth of swords."
> (Whittier)

We took in hand the instruments of destruction and slaughter, thinking to build with them a fairer world. Today we doubt that cannon, bayonets and poison gas can contribute anything of truth or value. As Jesus pondered the events of his own day, similar reflections may well have led him to doubt that the deepest truths are written in the sheen of whirling swords or pressed home by the points of spears.

The materials, truly, were all about him. To grasp their significance was genius. To recognize the true greatness of Rome, even while his heart was wrung by the suffering of his people, demanded balanced judgment and a rare superiority to the passions of the time. It was a superiority which was yet not a cynical detachment. To discard the visions of crazed apocalyptic writers and hopes of miraculous interventions on behalf of unequipped and undisciplined Jewish rebel bands, was evidence of sanity in a time of general madness. To suppose that love, justice, righteousness, forgiveness, were mightier forces than armies or fleets—this it is not for us to appraise. We profess it glibly enough. Sometimes we practice it.

This interpretation of Jesus, it must be frankly admitted, is not that given in the New Testament. More tragic in some ways than the failure of his people to grasp the spiritual meaning of his message was the failure of his chosen disciples. On them he concentrated the full wealth and power of his personality. Yet to the end their thought was dominated and vitiated by apocalyptic obsessions such as we may see reflected in the books of Enoch and Esdras. The dynamic principle of the Apostolic Church was its vibrant expectation of the Lord's return upon the clouds and with the hosts of heaven. Even the memory of his life and teachings was distorted to fit the picture; and he was credited with prophecies that were in radical contradiction to the principles for which he toiled and suffered.

Nor can this view of Jesus be found in the metaphysical speculations of orthodox theology. Nor yet again in the utterances of modern Evangelical Christianity. It has become possible in our own day, because in India Gandhi has reenacted in outline the obscured and forgotten drama.

Point by point an amazing parallel holds. For the Romans we

may substitute the British. To the Sadducees correspond the "Moderates," educated in Europe, holding government offices, and adopting in large measure the European modes of life. The orthodox of Judea and Hindustan have in common the oriental fixation upon religion and devotion to ancient usages. Like Jesus, Gandhi was credited with miraculous powers. And like his greater predecessor he proposed to meet oppression with willing submission, violence with invincible kindness, material force with "soul force."

He summoned his people to revolt. But it was to be a revolution unlike any other in history. Freedom was not to be won by war. "Indeed freedom of the sort that could be so won would not be worth the cost. Real freedom could only come from moral regeneration.

"His people must put away weakness, timid servility, deceitfulness, sloth, every form of moral impurity, and put on courage, honor, self-respect, industry. So equipped, they could assert themselves and their mere assertion would be irresistible. They had only to refuse cooperation with a government that would not meet their desires, and that government, though fortified with all the resources of materialistic science, would find itself powerless. Especially must all forms of hate be replaced by love. Against a love that had no limit and was strong enough to endure all things, the utmost malice and oppression must soon succumb. Then would come victory. And India so freed need fear none but would lead the world to yet undreamed-of spiritual conquests."

Contrasts there are, of course; and they are as significant as the parallels. There is a narrowness about Gandhi's program that does not characterize the thought of Jesus. India's Messiah was content to stake everything upon his success in bringing the foreign power to terms. Jesus seems to have regarded the Roman power, as indeed all merely material force, "with patient deep disdain." Gandhi promised his people freedom within six months. Jesus was content to build for the ages.

Yet Gandhi has reenacted for us, in large measure, the gospel drama. And the stage upon which he moved was immense. Three hundred million people hung upon his word. All the agencies of our highly developed publicity broadcasted his every act and ut-

terance. So from the twentieth century, as by one of the great modern search lights, the first is illumined. Both resemblances and contrasts enlarge our understanding of Jesus. And as the light of modern research and experience is concentrated upon him, his figure grows in majesty.

The Unrecorded Years

To trace the growth of Jesus through the long years of which we have no record is less a task for a psychologist than a simple exercise in logic. It is only necessary to work out the implications of the ideas we have ventured to suggest. It is enough to note that the boy who spoke of God as "My Father" became, it is safe to say, the critical instance of mysticism—either its abundant justification or its reduction to ghastly ruin and absurdity. The boy whose questions and answers amazed the rabbis grew into the fiery reformer whose quick, stinging retorts confounded the most ingenious of his opponents. The lad who dreamed of a spiritual destiny for Israel was in later days to weep over Jerusalem—"If thou hadst known in this thy day, even thou, the things which belong unto peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." (Luke 19: 42.) A vision of God, understanding of the human heart, a passion for righteousness, profound insight into the meaning of Israel's history, a glowing vision of Israel's destiny; these are various aspects, or facets, of a singularly unified personality. Each reinforced and contributed to all the others.

Inevitably his life was one of growing loneliness. He could not live with God as he did, he could not dream the dreams he did of Israel's destiny; and be like the men around him.

Today we know more than we used to know of the effect of long, solitary brooding and progressive alienation from the common ways of life. But we must keep in mind an important difference betwen our time and that in which he lived. "We in the twentieth century talk and think of *our* discoveries, of our personal achievements; but to Jesus [and to all the men of his time] a concrete and self-evident intellectual insight was a gift of God." (Simkhovitch, "Towards the Understanding of Jesus," p. 57.) When

strain and conflict arise between our convictions and the standards of those about us, we find it easy to compromise or even to surrender. If we hold fast, we are apt to build up delusions and to slip imperceptibly into the madness of the paranoiac. In his day belief in a special relationship to God or in a new revelation involved no acute conflict with the socially accepted standards of reality. For him the growing separation, the deepening loneliness, resulted in nothing more abnormal (in the psychiatric sense) than a consciousness of a unique privilege and a unique obligation.

John the Baptist

In the ringing summons of John the Baptist it is easy to discern new and arresting notes that must have stirred profoundly one whose soul had been fashioned by such experience as those we have ventured to ascribe to Jesus. It was no new cry that the Messiah was at hand. But the preparation that John demanded for his coming was unlike anything that had been heard before. John's Messiah was plainly different from the figure of current expectations. There was no point of contact whatever with the frenzied schemings of the zealots. Soldiers, we read, came to John asking, "What shall we do?" It is easy to imagine the services they were prepared to render, the instructions they expected to receive. John's reply was disconcerting—"Do violence to no man, neither exact anything wrongfully; and be content with your wages." (Luke 3: 14.) Pharisees declared that, if all Israel would but keep the Law perfectly for a single day, the Messiah would appear. For their caricature of religion the Baptist had only the fiercest scorn. A radical moral regeneration was imperative. Justice was demanded throughout the full range of human relationship. Days of terrible testing were coming. It would avail nothing to plead descent from Abraham, unless the heart within were pure, and outward acts, those of kindly helpfulness.

Some explosives remain inert until fired by a particular primer. Energies had accumulated in the soul of Jesus through the long years of solitary musings—energies that only such a summons could release. All that had gone before had been preparing him for just this hour. So now he who must often have heard the raucous cry "Behold, he cometh" who had ever turned away from

the schemes of revolt that were always brewing in turbulent Galilee, came to John and was baptized of him.

The solemn rite clearly marks a profound, perhaps the supreme crisis in Jesus' development. As he came up from the water, the conviction came upon him that he was himself the Messiah for whom he had been looking!

Madness it seemed, we know, to his family and the townspeople of Nazareth. Madness it has seemed to some students of modern psychology. But this indicates only a failure to comprehend a supremely great personality and to view in proper perspective the situation in which he moved. There were scores, at least, of paranoiac Messiahs in his day. It is because he was utterly unlike them, that he has been worshipped through nineteen centuries.

He read the meanings of events with the insight of genius. Belief in his unique mission was no grandiose delusion. It was a legitimate—indeed the only legitimate—conclusion from the facts that confronted him. A vivid consciousness of God, a unique understanding of his people's position, a glowing vision of Israel's possible destiny as a spiritual leaven transforming the life of all the world; these, at such a time, when their full meaning became apparent, could mean nothing less than that the fate of his nation rested upon him. He and he alone was the hope of Israel.

History has amply confirmed the judgment. If his nation had followed his leadership, he would certainly have saved it from the disaster of A. D. 70 and the long centuries of oppression. And who else could have saved it. Could Caiaphas? Or Gamaliel? It is not pious imagination but simple, sober truth, that the one personality who might have led his people to deliverance and glory was neither the priestly politician nor the renowned rabbi but the Galilean prophet.

Madness it may have seemed, at first, to himself. Unless the thought burst upon him with bewildering shock, the narrative of the opened heavens, the descending Spirit, and the stern, desperate struggle of the Temptation can scarcely be understood. On the other hand, it is easy to see that the idea was the natural, indeed the inevitable climax of the development we have followed to this point.

The Temptation

Obviously the meaning of the Temptation is not to be discerned on the surface of the accounts. The narratives are plainly allegorical. It is in keeping with all that we know of the character of Jesus and with the dignified reticence which alone was appropriate to the description of such an experience, that he should speak of it in parables. Underneath the strange, almost bizarre figures, however, it is possible to trace a struggle that is at least partially intelligible as the continuation of what has gone before.

First, of course, the spiritual work of the Messiah had to be finally and completely dissociated from political and imperialistic grandiosities. We of a colder clime, of a temperament less fervid, less deeply versed in suffering, can little realize how deeply the hope of national greatness was wrought into the inmost fibres of Jewish life. And to know it vain! To know beyond question that the Promised One must come not as a glorious king but as the Suffering Servant, ministering to the poor, the weak, the sinful, the ungrateful, the treacherous, to be despised and rejected by his own (as it was plain he would be),—nothing in all our experience can enable us to understand or to enter more than very superficially into his suffering.

For forty days, we read, he fought out the battle in the wilderness. Then "physical exhaustion and reaction supplied the background for the temptation to employ his unique endowment for his personal advantage." But the great decision he had already made precluded consideration of his personal interests. In his answer we can see foreshadowed his life of homeless wanderings, of unselfish service marked by no "mighty work" for his own glory or advantage, and the taunt of the Pharisees, as he suffered on the cross, "he saved others, himself he cannot save."

Greater subtlety characterizes the second temptation. (We follow the order in Luke as psychologically more plausible.) "Under the allegorical form of a vision of universal sovereignty to be obtained by obeisance to the paramount power, there is graphically portrayed the temptation to sacrifice the ideal by a compromise with the actual. The real sacrifice of the ideal, however, is disguised by representing it as a mere concession of a momentary character involving nothing more than the sacrifice of a personal feeling

which ought not to weigh against the success of the cause. . . . The nature of the temptation is such that only the greatest souls can feel its seductiveness. It is the man who has sacrificed everything and has nothing left who can alone be tempted to sacrifice his soul. . . . The high mountain which in this allegory is the scene of the temptation is suggestive of the moral height where alone such a temptation is possible.

Whom of us would the devil consider worth the offer of even a hundred thousand dollars? The bizarre question may serve to emphasize the magnitude of the issues at stake.

In Jesus' answer we may see prefigured his life of toil and conflict, the swift disintegration of his superficial popularity, and his sad question to the uncertain few who remained, "Will ye also go away?"

Compromise with what? Perhaps with the Roman Power and Hellenistic culture. Such a compromise the Sadducees and Josephus contrived with some success. The "Moderates" of India today afford suggestive, though naturally not complete parallels. More probably with popular expectations. Perhaps, even after all the temptations already surmounted, there was still insidious power in the vision of military triumphs and world-subduing diplomacy.

The third temptation gains strength from all that has gone before. We shall utterly fail to appreciate its supreme subtlety, however if we suppose that he was tempted to convince the spectators in the Temple court by a miraculous descent from the high pinnacle. That would have been only one of the short cuts to superficial success that he had already considered and rejected. There is no mention in either narrative of any witnesses nor of any possible effect upon them. The question and Jesus' answer indicate the real point. It was not to convince others but himself.

He had accepted failure rather than faithlessness to the ideal. Doubt must have descended upon him. Had he been right in dismissing so summarily that which alone could assure him or his cause success? Was it indeed God's will? In such an hour the soul's deepest longing is for certainty. Better an instant and violent death than a life of mistaken and futile endeavor.

We are wont to draw up our petty time tables and to demand that God's great universe shall observe them. When it does not,

we cry out against Him. We dictate the terms on which we shall believe in Him. Jesus trusted Him through the wrecking of his life, through the blasting of fairer hopes than our dull souls have ever been able to frame.

In his darkest hour he cried, indeed, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But Luke, at least, records that his final utterance was true to the whole tenor of his life: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

We have watched the boy of Nazareth growing into the Christ. From the wilderness, with the spirit of the Lord God upon him, he came to his people proclaiming the Kingdom of Heaven. For a time they heard him gladly. In the end they failed him. Their failure sealed their doom.

As for him, he appealed from man to God, from time to eternity.

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